

Brian Mulroney: From St. F.X. old boy to Iron Ore chief...to top Tory









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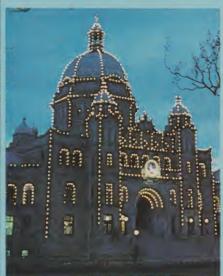
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# **Atlantic Insight**



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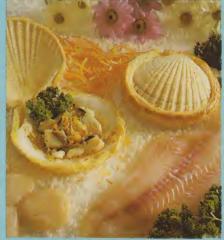
Cover Story: Old buddies from St. Francis Xavier University remember Brian Mulroney as a very, very ambitious guy. In 1976 he ran for the national leadership of the Progressive Conservative party and lost. Now, he says, it won't break his Irish heart if he never gets the job. But close friends are betting he'll try again. By Parker Barss Donham COVER PHOTOGRAPHY BY JACK CUSANO



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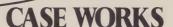
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# Editor's Letter

riters who deal in fact often get annoyed at the amount of attention paid to the supposedly more creative side of the art that deals in fiction. It's upsetting when somebody gives you the impression that he thinks grinding out magazine articles is mere hack work compared to the really rewarding act of producing a play or a short story. It's unbearable to run up against people who think that unless you've got a novel clicking through your typewriter—or at least clicking through your head—you're not a real writer at all.

If you get defensive enough, you trot out the usual arguments. You tell people that a really superb piece of magazine writing is worth more than a dozen badly written novels. You mention the possibility that a Norman Mailer may well be better remembered and more favorably regarded by future generations of readers for the quality of his journalistic writing than for his novels.

But secretly (and only among your consenting peers) you occasionally admit to a bit of envy that has nothing to do with the question of which kind of writing is better than the other. It's envy of the fact—since we're dealing with facts—that you can often tell the truth better through fiction than through objective reportage. As evidence, we offer "Dreams and Sleep" (page 66), the latest short story by the Liverpool, N.S., writer Veronica Ross.

As a news magazine, Atlantic Insight publishes very little fiction. Since our first issue in April, 1979, the total has been seven features: Two book excerpts and five short stories. It's no accident that of the five stories, three have been by Ross. Her themes run very close to the themes that show up in our news pages and her characters mirror the people whose names appear in our stories and on our subscription lists.

Atlantic Insight was founded on the premise of a special relationship that exists between Atlantic Canadians and the part of the country they call home. It's quickest and simplest, perhaps, to describe it as a sense of roots. A sense of where home really is, regardless of where you happen to be.

Over the past two years we've interviewed countless Atlantic Canadians



who've moved away for various reasons, and reported what they've said of their feelings about home. Countless other expressions of the same emotions reach us daily in letters from readers, letters postmarked from all parts of Canada and the United States, from Norway and Spain, from Mexico and Papua New Guinea. Only a small number of these letters end up in our Feedback column, partly because we haven't the space and partly to avoid repetitiousness.

Some say what they have to say better than others. But no one has said it yet as boldly and beautifully as Veronica Ross has in her latest work of fiction. It's the truth you often don't get at by just reporting the facts.

Not all of the readers we hear from or the people we interview want to come home again. Some, like Ross's Rosa, wouldn't think of it in a million years. Others, like Allen, Rosa's husband, disappointed in life, learn to take the edge off their pain by cherishing the delusive dream that things would have been different if they'd stayed back home. The troubles with the kids, the dead-end jobs, the illnesses or suspected illnesses could have been avoided in a simpler, saner society. None of it's true, but it's all part of the singular image of home that Atlantic Canadians carry with them wherever they go.

"Dreams and Sleep" marks Veronica Ross's first appearance in Atlantic Insight since she and we won the 1980 award for fiction presented by the Foundation for the Advancement of Canadian Letters and the Periodical Distributors of Canada for her short story "Whistling," published in our September, 1979, edition. We're glad to welcome her back and we hope you find her new story as moving as we did.

Warilyn Mandoned

Doug Davison



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# **Feedback**

Us done bad

Are the rules of syntax no longer being taught? When I was going to school, one of the rules of syntax I learned was: A noun or pronoun following a verb of incomplete predication is always in the nominative case. In your March issue (Ladies and Gentlemen, the Next Premier Is..., Newfoundland and Labrador), the sub-heading says: "Newfoundland's new NDP leader Fonse Faour insists it will be him." If one rearranged the latter part of the sentence, it would read, "him will be it." Would a person ever say that?

Doris M. Rolph Yarmouth, N.S.

Take that, cutie-pie

Harry Bruce's column Why They Snarled at the Premier of P.E.I. (March) was well written. I only hope that the flamboyant sports-coat and flashy bow-tie men on Front Page Challenge, along with their female cutie-pie, have learned a lesson. Cheers, Harry, old boy. Well spoken.

Andy MacDonald Port Elgin, N.B.

We're not so little

Rosemary Scanlon is quoted as saying (You Can Never Go Home Again. Pity, Expatriates, March) that Canada is "a small country." Canada is, of course, the second-largest country in the world, second only to the U.S.S.R. Mrs. Scanlon may be strong in economics but, like many of the Americans she lives and works with, is obviously weak in geography.

Ivan Groves Kingston, Ont.

I'm from N.B. No, not N.S.

Dalton Camp's comments on the lack of a visible entity for New Brunswick ring uncomfortably true (I'm from New Brunswick. No, Not New Jersey, February). I did hope, however, that a magazine dedicated to the Atlantic provinces might be aware of our existence. But no: If you observe my letter printed beside Dalton Camp's column in the February issue, you will see that some absent-minded twit has managed to move my home from the unknown wilds of New Brunswick to the hills behind Mabou, N.S.

John Whitmore Hillsborough, N.B.

Ray Guy's bloody funny

I've had this problem with cracked lips all winter: Strange weather and Hamilton smog and many things to bite my lips about. Whenever I laugh,



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### **Feedback**

my lips start to bleed. My knuckles go to my mouth to wipe away the blood. Mostly I cultivate a sombre air and knit my brows, but every month I unthinkingly stumble on Ray Guy's column and come away with the crimson lips and ruby knuckles of a barroom brawler.

Graeme MacQueen Hamilton, Ont.

I realize there is merit in saving the best until the last. But do you realize the mental anguish you are causing those of us who read Atlantic Insight cover to cover, waiting to be truly entertained and informed by Ray Guy?

F. Allison Redding
Saint John, N.B.

Nice, but

I enjoyed very much reading Barbara Fuller's article about me (What's a Famous Mystery Writer Doing in Lower East Pubnico, N.S.? Literature, February), but that "six-figure annual income" she's given me is news to me. Very generous of her but quite untrue.

Dorothy Gilman Lower East Pubnico, N.S.

We've got heart too

Silver Donald Cameron (In Search of the Highland Heart, Book Column, February) describes Richmond County as "French, peppery, petite, voluble and volatile." Richmond County has Scots, Irish, English and other nationalities as well as people of French descent. The Highland Heart in Nova Scotia by Neil MacNeil centres on Washabuckt and Iona, which are in Victoria County, not Inverness. The Highland heart is alive and well in many parts of Cape Breton.

Ron Pringle West Bay, N.S.

Who's galling now?

Harry Flemming's article The Decline and Gall of the Halifax Herald Media, October) annoyed me, but letters in your Feedback column have been even more annoying. I feel it is time someone came to the defence of our only provincial newspaper. Mr. Flemming's article sounded like the complaints of someone with an axe to grind, rather than fair, honest criticism. Having compared the news coverage we receive with that found in Englishlanguage papers in various parts of the world, I feel we are lucky to be able to read The Chronicle-Herald. Perhaps you and your staff are becoming a little too smug as you bask in your instant success story. Other publications deserve some glory, too!

T. Hennigar Kentville, N.S.

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# **The Region**



Reg Thomson: Will the veterinary college go here?

# The veterinary college conundrum

Everyone agrees Atlantic Canada needs one, but where to put it? That's the puzzle

By Martin Dorrell

t's appropriate that Reg Thomson, the Atlantic veterinary college's dean-in-waiting, set up his temporary headquarters in a grey, clapboard barn on Charlottetown's University of Prince Edward Island campus that was once a piggery and later a psychology laboratory. It would probably take a psychologist to explain the reasons for the latest twists and turns in the sometimes hysterical battle over where to put the college. But even a layman can figure out why the school still isn't open for business. The reason is politics.

Maritime governments have long agreed the region needs a veterinary college: Atlantic farmers lose an alarming number of animals each year to disease and, if improved veterinary care reduced farmers' losses by even 1%, the college would more than pay its own way. A veterinary college with a faculty of 50, more than 200 students and another 200 direct and indirect jobs will also represent a plump growth industry for whichever community lands it so the competition for the prize has been understandably intense.

Based on a 1975 report by Dr. D.G. Howell, dean of the Ontario Veterinary College, the Maritime Provinces. Higher Education Commission recommended a Prince Edward Island location. But Nova Scotia—egged on by the determined opposition of its own agricultural school in Truro and Acadia University in Wolfville, each of which wanted the school to decorate its own campus—pushed for a site in its province. During the late Seventies, the issue became a routine item on the agenda of the Council of Maritime Premiers, but the politicians couldn't ever resolve it. The federal government, which supported the

Island site, was reluctant to put up its 50% share of the capital costs unless all the provinces agreed on a site. To fog the picture even more, the Canadian Veterinary Medical Association weighed in with an assessment that no new veterinary colleges should be built anywhere in the country for five years because of a predicted glut of veterinary graduates early in this decade.

Despite that—and the continued failure of the premiers to agree on the site—P.E.I. Premier Angus MacLean announced this spring that the \$27-million veterinary college would be built on the UPEI campus and that Ottawa would pick up half the tab. Federal Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan quickly scotched that idea, stating that MacLean's announcement was premature. It's the same old confusion that dogged the last five years of discussion on the issue.

The only constant in the affair has been Dr. D.G. Howell's unshakable view that P.E.I. is still the best location for the college. "Those of us who've been involved in veterinary education are all firmly convinced that a veterinary school should be the faculty of a university," he argues. "It should not be a school in isolation."

Understandably, Dr. Herb MacRae, principal of the Nova Scotia Agricultural College, disagrees. "We believe very strongly that if you separate veterinary medical education from agricultural education in a region like this, then you've immediately begun the duplication of effort we simply cannot afford to do. And I think that is really the crux of the issue."

Howell counters, "We would not build a medical school unless there was a very large hospital adjacent to it with a large number of beds and cases on which instruction



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### The Region

could be given. In the case of a veterinary school, we must have a very large number of farm animals in order to have the right mix of cases for the students to study. Now Charlottetown had something like double the number of animals within a 20- to 25-mile radius of the city than any other centre in the Atlantic region." None of his arguments has budged Nova Scotia politicians and educators. "I sometimes ask myself," he complains, "if there was a predetermined decision on the part of the province of Nova Scotia, why was I not told that before I carried out the report?"

Dr. Ron Baker, then the president of UPEI, was familiar enough with regional politics to know from the beginning that Howell's recommendation would not Buchanan, MacLean: The problem of politics

amount to a final decision. "The decision on where to locate the veterinary college will be a test of the provincial governments' determination to rationalize higher education through the post-secondary commission," he said at the time. "It's the first time that they've been faced with a



decision made by an outside consultant and free from local political implications."

Although both then premier Alex Campbell and his successor, Angus Mac-Lean, have pointed out that Prince Edward Island spends \$2.5 million a year to support Island students attending educational institutions elsewhere in the Maritimes, even Campbell was sympathetic to the dilemma for Nova Scotia's political leaders. "As a premier and a politician," he allowed at the time, "I can understand the difficulty [then Nova Scotia premier Gerald Regan has in offering Nova Scotian dollars and political support [for an Island location].

The job of convincing Nova Scotia politicians and bureaucrats that it's important to get the college built

landed in Dr. Reg Thomson's lap. Appointed planning co-ordinator for the new college two years ago after a decade as chairman of the pathology department of the Ontario Veterinary College, Thomson is philosophical about the uncertainty he's faced. "I think if it had been

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decided that this is what's going to happen, it's going to happen here and you're brought in, you might never have to get outside the place. I want veterinary medicine to relate to the real world more than it has. You find a lot of ivory towers surrounding veterinary colleges."

On his frequent trips around the region, Thomson has tried to convince farmers that a veterinary college will be important for them. Besides helping to ease a chronic shortage of veterinarians in the region—"If they don't have

strong ties to the region," Thomson suggests, "they'll come

down for two or three years and move on"—he also says the creation of a regional talent pool of vets will mean the possibility of offering farmers more than Band-aid care. "You don't just treat Joe Blow's

cow, but you develop a whole program for him."

The region needs those programs badly. Cattle losses due to disease and death in Atlantic Canada have been increasing for 30 years and those losses

add 12% to 15% to the cost of food. Thomson argues that preventive-care programs could turn that around, bringing a three- to five-dollar return on every dollar invested. Low-grade mastitis, a fairly common cattle problem, can cost a farmer with a modest herd of 30 or 40 as much as \$10,000 a year. "You have to show this to farmers in dollars," he says, "and then they'll come to see the value of improved veterinary services here."

Another key element in the college's program will be the development of an aquaculture specialty. The fledgling industry is almost certain to reduce food imports into the region and, at the same time, open up vast export markets. Thomson wants to offer diploma and technical courses in addition to the full veterinary program. And that specialty

could help the institution attain international prestige. Provided somebody decides where to put it.

Most observers won't place their bets on the final site until after the first sod is turned and construction has begun. But it appears that Premier Angus MacLean's late February announcement of the Charlottetown site may have signalled the beginning of the final chapter in the hassle.

Although he disagreed with MacLean's timing, Agriculture Minister Eugene Whelan did drop a broad hint the next week that the federal government would go ahead

with an Island location. "Some of the same premiers [who oppose unilateral patriation of the constitution] are saying they want us to go ahead without unanimous consent to build a veterinary college," Whelan complained in a speech. "I'm only a dumb peasant farmer but to me that is very difficult to comprehend." Whelan did note that construction of the Ontario Veterinary

College for Guelph was announced during a byelection campaign there. And his Island audience knew that he himself was in P.E.I. for a rally in support of the Liberal party's candidate in an April 13 byelection in Cardigan to replace the late Veterans Affairs minister Dan MacDonald.

No one will be happier to see construction begin than Reg Thomson, himself an early convert to the Island location. "I happened to fly across the Island on a bright sunny day in July. If I ever wanted to be convinced, that did it. The agricultural component, the density of animals and that sort of thing made me feel quite comfortable." Thomson will be even more comfortable when the college is operational. "As far as [the college] being a benefit," he insists, "it just can't miss."

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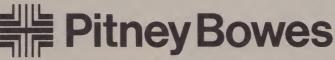
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# **Prince Edward Island**



UPEI's approach will likely be copied

# **UPEI** goes searching for students

Like many universities, the University of Prince Edward Island has been hit by declining enrolments. But officials there think they may have found a way to solve the problem: Get out there and sell

he news in 1979 was bleak but not unexpected. For the second consecutive year, first-year enrolment at the University of Prince Edward Island had fallen. The slump that fall was comparatively slight—a drop of only 20 students—but the previous year's decline (from 567 to 469) had been catastrophic. "We tended to attribute the decline to the financial squeeze," says Urbain Gaudin, the university's liaison officer. "There seemed to be an increased desire by students to go and get something quick get a job, make some quick money, rather than to come to the university and not have a job after." Gaudin knew, however, that if enrolment continued to drop, so would grants and revenues. Ultimately it could leave the province without a degree-granting institution.

UPEI officials decided to go student-hunting, and when last fall's registration figures were tallied, enrolment was up 20% to its former level. It's too early to tell whether the university can maintain that momentum or whether the surge in interest was merely an aberration, but officials are convinced its selling job had an impact. "I hate, personally, to use the term 'hard sell,'"

Gaudin protests, but he does think UPEI's attention-getting tactics may soon be imitated by other hard-hit smaller universities in the region.

The university produced a slick videocassette presentation to show the college to best advantage and enlisted first-year students from across the province to sell UPEI to high school students in interviews. They discussed their misgivings before attending university and the satisfactions they gained from life on campus. They stressed the advantages of small classes and their close relationship with their professors, a message that said loudly and clearly that small really is beautiful. "Certainly the introduction of this cassette was a major change in the approach that the university had been taking," Gaudin says. "It was an attention-getter, there's no question about that. It was the envy of the other university recruiters who were here at the time.

The university also expanded and revamped its scholarship program, taking into account more than high school averages and scholarship tests, to create interest among potential students. "We started looking at extracurricular activities and gave marks for those as well as for taking enriched

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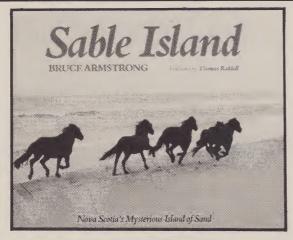
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### **Prince Edward Island**

courses. And we introduced an interview procedure for the top scholarships. That had another effect as well. It got me into the school an extra time." Although it risked downplaying academic standards to some extent, that change, according to Ian MacDonald, the director of extension services, "helped integrate the high school with the university. In the actual interviewing process there was a member of that high school involved as well. They had an ownership in the process. So it wasn't more of the university coming out and doing it alone."

Schools on P.E.I., Gaudin believes, want a greater say in the operation of the university than do schools in larger provinces where a number of institutions court the same students. "The only negative feedback we've had is on that point. 'Why does UPEI have to have interviews when nobody else does?' Quite frankly, I'm certain that most other universities, if they could work out the logistics, would love nothing better than to have interviews

as part of their procedure."

Not only students have been contacting schools directly. Guidance counsellors, who may have been prone to extolling the attractions of vocational courses at Holland College at the expense of the university, were brought in for meetings with faculty and for dinner with the university's administrators. "Now I don't really know if we could say this is the 'wine them and dine them and buy them off' technique," Gaudin says, "but I think just the fact that you can get these people together to sit down and talk things out has got to be beneficial in the long run. I'm hoping the next step will be to have more direct contacts between different departments of the university and their teaching counterparts in the high schools." The university's drawing power is remarkable. Of the 1,500 students completing general or academic programs in Island schools last year, almost 500 entered UPEI.

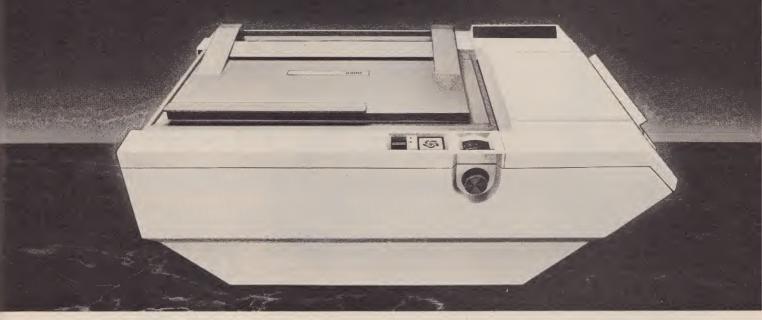
"There is the possibility that the enrolment of last September may have been a fluke," Gaudin concedes. "I hope it isn't. And early applications for next year suggest it wasn't. But it will be two or three years before we're sure

it's been turned around."

If the slump in enrolment carries a lesson, it's the simple realization that university is no longer an automatic destination for high school graduates. "There's a growing recognition," MacDonald says, "that the student is a consumer, a customer. And we can no longer say 'Here's what we are, take it or leave it.' "

— Martin Dorrell

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# **Nova Scotia**

# Will Halifax's bridges come tumbling down?

They might, if a ship crashed into their supports. But no one wants to take the responsibility for protecting them



"If a ship hit hard enough to buckle the leg of the bridge pier, the bridge would collapse"

alifax-Dartmouth Bridge Commission officials usually spend their time worrying about things like bridge traffic, fare increases and the vagaries of borrowing on foreign money markets. Now they wonder if they shouldn't pay more attention to curses, prophecies and things that go bump in the night. Five years ago, something—an oil rig—almost did go bump in the afternoon. If Hurricane Blanche hadn't pushed a breakaway rig into some rocks instead of into the side of the A. Murray MacKay bridge, "there would have been tremendous loss of life," Jerry Kay, the commission's general manager, says.

That was exactly what a Micmac Indian chief reportedly prophesied more than 130 years ago. The wife of the chief of a village where Dartmouth now stands fell in love with a British officer based in Halifax. When her suspicious husband followed her to her rendezvous, he scalped her for her unfaithfulness and cursed the union of both sides of the harbor. He prophesied that three bridges across the harbor would be destroyed, with the last disaster causing great loss of life. More than a century later, in 1891, a hurri-

cane completely levelled The Narrows bridge, and two years after that, trains passing over the rebuilt bridge loosened the supporting piers until the weakened structure floated off the harbor bottom at high tide.

But it's more than these two incidents and the recent close call that worry officials. They've also seen a Canadian Coast Guard report that says Halifax's bridges are among the most hazardous in the country. To complicate the situation, a new container pier in Halifax harbor, scheduled to begin operations in April, 1982, will increase traffic through the harbor tenfold, and make the bridges even more dangerous. "It will be just like World War II here," predicts Joe Howard, president of Halterm Limited, the owner of Halifax's other container pier.

Design is the problem. There's nothing stopping a ship from crashing into the pier supports of either the Angus L. Macdonald or MacKay bridges. On the Halifax side of the harbor the Macdonald rests on dry land and the MacKay's pier is in shallow enough water to cause a ship to go aground before striking it. But

on the Dartmouth side, where water has a low tide of 54 feet around the Macdonald and 70 to 75 feet around the MacKay piers, only the largest tanker would hit bottom before colliding with the supports. "Depending upon the size and speed of the ship, if it hit hard enough to buckle the leg of the bridge pier, it would collapse either structure," explains Dan Franklin, one of the commission's consulting engineers.

The Coast Guard report lists nine Canadian bridges that could collapse, four of them classified as "higher-risk" and five as "lower-risk." Both Halifax bridges are considered "higher-risk." One of the other bridges cited as "higher-risk" by the Coast Guard, the span over the Miramichi River in Chatham, N.B., is also in Atlantic Canada.

The Halifax-Dartmouth Bridge Commission has been pushing for a rock barrier system, in which boulders, placed around the piers' vulnerable areas, would keep ships away from the supports. It requires no maintenance and—with an estimated cost of \$5 million—is the least expensive method. Former commission chairman William Flinn wanted the costs of the system included in the estimates for the Fairview Cove container terminal which will be 80% federally funded. New chairman Reg Allen agrees. "Because the federal government is responsible for navigable waters, and is partly responsible for establishment of the container pier which makes the protection necessary, it should be responsible for funding," he says.

The federal government isn't buying the commission's request. In a letter last December, Transport Minister Jean-Luc Pépin said the federal government has "no intention" of funding pier protection for the two bridges. The provincial government is trying to change his mind. Transport Canada is considering improving the radar surveillance in the harbor, but the commission isn't happy with that. Commission general manager Jerry Kay says, "All radar can tell you is where the ship will hit."

The commission still hopes to get funding in 1981. They are worried by both the Coast Guard's conclusion, and their own consulting engineer's assessment of the bridges' vulnerability. They're wary, too, about the fact that accidents struck more than 200 bridges around the world in the past two years. And they aren't discounting that old Indian curse.

— John DeMont

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See Page 69 for details of this amazing feat!

The Delta Barrington Inn

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# **Newfoundland and Labrador**

# Deceptive calm before a fishing storm

Newfoundland's inshore fishermen may not strike this summer as they did last year, but don't be fooled. The troubles aren't over

he deadlock over fish prices which led to the unprecedented shutdown of Newfoundland's inshore fishery last summer didn't end when the fishermen and plant owners agreed to do business again. Five weeks of confusion cost the province an estimated \$1 million a day at the peak of the inshore season. When government intervened, the war faded into an uneasy truce. But the cause of the dispute inshore groundfish prices—hasn't been resolved, even though the boats may be back on the water this summer and the fish plants humming. If 1981 turns out to be a quiet year, it will be a treacherous calm before the storm because a winter's worth of study has only shown how deep the troubles run, not how to change their course.

The winter investigation shows that the straightforward collective bargaining for fish prices which Newfoundland union settles for, if it settles at all, the fishermen won't get six cents. That's just their break-even figure.

To make things worse, the royal commission, which was instructed to report to government with its analysis of pricing and suggestions for changes in the current system by March 15, has fallen down on the job. The three-man, three-phase Royal Commission to Inquire into the Inshore Fishery of Newfoundland and Labrador was supposed to report in time to "allow any necessary new mechanisms to be put into place prior to the start of the 1981 inshore fishing season to lessen the possibility of a labor dispute," a weary Premier Brian Peckford announced last August.

That didn't happen. In mid-March, when union and companies sat down for their first talks on 1981 summer prices, the commissioners were mired



Last year's strike: Feelings still run high

inshore fishermen have enjoyed since 1971 is not enough to ensure them a decent living. A royal commission vindicates the Fisheries Association of Newfoundland and Labrador's claim that its member companies could not pay more for most species in 1980 than they did in 1979. The Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers Union has countered with a detailed analysis of longliner operations around the province showing the devastating effect of these prices. Even with sharemen often getting minimum-wage-level earnings and skippers not much more, longliner operations are losing an average of six cents on every pound of fish they catch. Markets for this year don't look much better. Whatever the

in a fruitless round of public hearings. With the bulk of its work left to do, the commission has already lost much of the public confidence it needs to be credible. Fishermen stayed away from the hearings in droves—partly because they didn't want to discuss their financial affairs in public, partly because the commission's report on the companies' ability to pay put another nail in their coffins, and partly because the commission never really said what it wanted to learn from the hearings. What was billed as "an inquiry into the very soul of our province "has, under the chairmanship of Memorial University dean of education Brose Paddock, turned out to be a lacklustre group which has retreated under a shroud of secrecy, refusing to discuss its plans or methods for getting at that soul.

As they set about salvaging what was left of the season last year, fishermen could only conclude that their first trial-by-fire as union members had been part success, part failure. The companies had said they could not pay any increase over 1979 groundfish prices. But the interim agreement gave fishermen a token half-cent more per pound. The lucky fishermen who hold crab and shrimp licences fared somewhat better, but the price for turbot (which has replaced cod as the staple catch for many longliner fishermen of Newfoundland's northeast coast) dropped one cent from the 1979 price. Among the few hopeful signs over the winter was settlement of prices for the winter fishery along the ice-free south coast: The union managed to get increases of one cent to 11/2 cents, an indication that the companies don't want a repeat of last year's conflict any more than fishermen do.

Last summer's dispute strained the union, which represents the plant workers who lost wages when fellow union members refused to sell. Four members of the plant workers' local at St. Anthony, where fishermen first struck, were disciplined for crossing picket lines.

Many factors weigh against the union's pressing its case for a six-centsplus increase through the collective bargaining route. Union president Richard Cashin has been promoting the use of planned price supports, such as a "price stabilization fund" in which excess prices from good markets would prop up less profitable species. But behind Cashin's proposals is his determination to make the principle of fishermen's incomes as basic to price setting as the companies' balance sheets, a change which perhaps only the ultimate weapon of collective bargaining can win.

"We'll probably wait until Phase 2 of the royal commission is in, to see what they have to say about fishermen's incomes, and then we'll see what others will do," he says. "If others will do nothing, we'll have a strike. It might not be until '82. You know, the present situation is intolerable—it's been intolerable since John Cabot's day—but I suppose we can survive another year."

- Amy Zierler

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# **New Brunswick**

# Dalhousie loses in grocery store wars

The union wanted a contract, the company wanted concessions and the town lost its Sobeys store

onar Law is a 36-year-old married man with one child. One day his boss came to him and announced, Bonar, you're getting a \$55-a-week raise. Normally, Bonar might have been overjoyed. But at the moment, he felt like Hansel in the gingerbread house. "I was afraid." Evelyn Grimes, 31, mother of one, is the Gretel of the piece. She was frightened by a \$47-a-week raise. "I didn't know why I was getting it." To Law and Grimes, Douglas B. Eddy will forever be the Wicked Witch. Eddy, 45, vice-president of personnel for the Sobeys supermarket chain, authorized the pay hikes for Law and Grimes, two employees of the Sobeys store in Dalhousie, N.B., during a union attempt to win a first contract.

Law and Grimes, central figures in the dispute, rejected the money which they regarded as a threat to themselves and their union. The company refused to accept their rejection. The store was struck, then shuttered. Finally, the N.B. Federation of Labor called on all trade union members in Atlantic Canada to boycott Sobeys.

What happened at Dalhousie, the focal point of a long, region-wide war between unions and Sobeys, is this:

—In 1980, employees, feeling they were grossly underpaid, asked the Retail, Wholesale and Department Store Union to organize them into a bargaining unit. The union says employees earned \$180 weekly after three years in the store, while workers at unionized Saint John Sobeys stores earned \$250 and employees at rival Dominion Stores in N.B. earned \$301. The union was certified by the Industrial Relations Board on May 23, 1980.

—By August, both sides say, agreement was very close. The sticking point was the status of Law and Grimes. The board had excluded the job classifications of "assistant manager" and "head cashier" from the bargaining unit. The company claimed that Law was assistant manager and Grimes was head cashier. The union countered that Law was grocery manager and Grimes merely the cashier with the most seniority and that neither had been given management duties. The dispute was referred to the board.

—On Oct. 10, the union says, the board told the parties to negotiate the status of Law and Grimes.

—On Nov. 12, negotiations, suspended in August, resumed. Meanwhile the company had given hefty pay hikes to employees of non-union stores which exceeded the rates being offered to the Dalhousie employees. In addition, the company informed Law and Grimes they had no choice but to be management and it increased Law's salary from \$280 to \$335 and Grimes's salary from \$243 to \$290. The company says the two returned the increases.

—On Dec. 11, employees voted 12 to 2 to strike.

—On Dec. 12, the strike began.

promotion because he was afraid without the protection of the union, he would be fired.

Many jobs have already been casualties in the Sobeys-union war. Thanks to the Bathurst-born Eddy, Sobeys has won most of the battles. Eddy, who runs his own consulting firm on the side, was also hired by IGA to confound organizers at stores in Wolfville, N.S., and New Minas, N.S. Eddy says too often unions try to impose themselves on employees who want nothing to do with them.

The 16-year-old Dalhousie store was closed because it "wasn't viable," Eddy says. "The store has been losing money for years." But Grimes recalls



Picketers at Sobeys: A battle without winners

Law and Grimes were fired.

—On Jan. 9, 1981, the board directed the parties to resume negotiations without mentioning Law and Grimes. The company says at this point the board ruled in writing that Law and Grimes were management.

—On Jan. 28, the company offered what it was paying its non-union workers. The company says the union then asked for parity with Dominion Stores. The union says the company asked that two more employees, the produce manager and the meat manager, be excluded from the bargaining unit. Talks ceased.

—On Feb. 17, the store was permanently closed.

Both Law and Grimes say they were never given a chance to testify under oath as to their duties. "The company told the board we could hire and fire and make up the work schedule," Grimes says. "We could do none of these things." Law says he refused a

being told by a store official that she was getting the \$47 raise because "business was so good." In December, 1979, a competing Dominion store burnt, and cashier Grimes says, "We got most of that business." Today the 9,000 Dalhousie area residents are served by only two stores, a Save-Easy and a Co-op.

The strike occurred at an awkward time for Dalhousie. The town and A.C. Mallet Co. of Shippegan have been planning a major hotel-shopping centre in the vicinity of the store. Sobeys has an option to put a new store in that mall. But Dalhousie is a pro-union mill town. A restaurant run by lepers would draw more customers than a new Sobeys.

In Dalhousie, there is no storybook ending. Everybody loses. Hansel. Gretel. The other employees. The union. Shoppers. The community. Sobeys. The region. Everybody.

— Jon Everett

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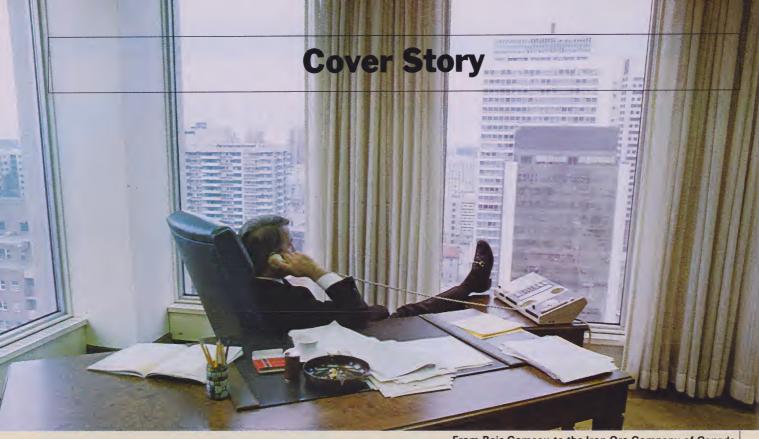
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From Baie Comeau to the Iron Ore Company of Canada

# The life of Brian

Will Brian Mulroney, the Baie Comeau, Que., boy who learned his political ABCs at Antigonish's St. Francis Xavier University, go after the Tory leadership again? Mulroney says he isn't even sure he wants Joe Clark's job anymore, but most of the old gang from St. F.X. won't be surprised if he does.

By Parker Barss Donham eep in the winter of 1958, a group of St. Francis Xavier students crowded around a campus pay phone while one of their number tried to call the prime minister of Canada. The student, a brash, 18-year-old junior from Baie Comeau, Que., had bragged once too often about meeting John Diefenbaker at the Tory leadership convention two summers earlier. His classmates dared him to prove his boasted intimacy with the nation's leader, and now they listened with rising glee as he got the brushoff from the lower echelons of the PM's office. Suddenly the object of their scorn glared into the mouthpiece of the telephone. "LISTEN," he shouted, "DO YOU KNOW WHO THIS IS SPEAKING? THIS IS BRIAN MULRONEY SPEAKING." Then a pause. "Hullo, Chief. How are you t'day? Chief.'

Gerald Doucet, former Nova Scotia cabinet minister and past president of the Atlantic Provinces Economic Council, still wonders whether Mul-

roney really did get through to Dief that day. Among the young Tories (who could hear only Mulroney's half of the conversation) it was a hot topic of debate. Twenty-three years later, the hottest question among young and old Conservatives is whether Mulroney will try to become prime minister. Again. Whetting their appetites for another round of intra-party cannibalism, Tories wait to see whether Mulroney will enter the upcoming federal byelection in Joliette, a suburban Montreal riding vacated by Roch LaSalle, the lone Quebec Tory to escape extinction in the 1980 election. Mulroney's entry into the race, of course, would signal the start of another Tory leadership campaign.

If he runs, it will come as no surprise to the people Doucet calls The Network: A band of talented, ambitious students who surrounded Mulroney at St. F. X. and who went on to make their own mark in politics. In addition to Doucet, '58, who missed by a whisker beating John Buchanan at Nova Scotia's 1971 Conservative leadership

convention, and Mulroney, '59, who placed second on the first ballot at the Clark convention, there were:

• Perennial Tory backroom boy Sen. Lowell Murray, '56, who took Mulroney to his first Young Tories meeting at college.

• Former New Brunswick Liberal leader Robert Higgins, '56, who quit politics after a judicial inquiry failed to sustain his allegations of fund-raising improprieties in the Hatfield government and now sits as an associate justice of the New Brunswick Supreme Court.

• Former New Brunswick Justice minister Paul Creaghan, '58, who now serves as general counsel to the New Brunswick Power Corporation.

• Former Newfoundland cabinet minister Joe Rousseau, '56, who was forced to resign over scandals in the Public Works Department.

• Onetime Liberal MP Richard Cashin, '58, now president of the Newfoundland Fishermen, Food and Allied Workers Union, who sat as leader of Her Majesty's Loyal Opposition to the government of Prime Minister Brian Mulroney in the Maritimes university model parliament held at St. F.X. in the spring of 1958.

For all the participants, the passage of time has invested a larger-than-life quality to memories of Xavarian auld lang syne. Both Mulroney and Cashin, for example, recall being prime minister of the 1958 model parliament (although year book records support Mulroney's claim). According to Mulroney, Cashin

led a different party during each of his four years at St. F.X.: The Liberals, the CCF, an anti-monarchist rump called the National Republic Party, and a personal creation known as The Order of Obese Occidentals. The chubby Newfoundlander's slogan: If men who are thin make you chagrin, Why not try putting Cashin in?

The experience was not all whimsical. As the spiritual centre of Canada's co-operative and credit union movement, St. F.X. encouraged social activism and an ideology of public service decades before such ferment became fashionable at other universities. Robert Higgins' voice takes on a wistful quality as he recalls taking long, inspirational walks with Rev. Moses Coady, radical director of the St. F.X. extension department. For Brian Mulroney, a 16-year-old out of Baie Comeau, it was pretty heady stuff.

Brian Mulroney's Irish ancestors, refugees from the great potato famine, immigrated to Canada in the 1840s, settling near Quebec City. In the 1930s, his father, Benedict Martin Mulroney, moved to Baie Comeau to work as an electrician at the Quebec North Shore Paper Co. mill. (From his office on the 16th floor of a Montreal high-rise, Brian Mulroney, now president of the Iron Ore Company of Canada, notes with more than a hint of satisfaction that the head office of the Quebec North Shore Paper Co. is one floor below his.) The elder Mulroney had one obsession in life: To educate his children. "There's only one way out of a paper mill town," he told Brian, "and that's through a university door."

Baie Comeau not only lacked a university, it had no high school either. So in 1953, Mulroney left his mother and two older sisters crying on the paper mill wharf and set out on his first trip to the Maritimes, a 600-mile journey by ferry and train to St. Thomas High School, a Catholic boarding school in Chatham, N.B. From there, the logical next step was an even longer train ride to Antigonish, N.S.

The first person Mulroney remembers seeing at St. F.X. was Robert Higgins, a senior assigned to freshman orientation. Higgins wore a Harris tweed jacket, another first for Mulroney. "I went home that Christmas and worked at the Post Office until I earned enough money to buy a Harris tweed jacket." It was the start of a lifelong predilection for fine clothing, a penchant reporters covering Mulroney's 1976 bid for the Conservative leadership seldom failed to mention. Fellow students remember Mulroney as an ambitious, supremely confident lad who looked out for number one. "I wouldn't want to fall overboard with

the expectation he would rescue me," says one classmate.

"He was a lot more obviously ambitious personally than the rest of us were," Lowell Murray recalls. "A number of his contemporaries—they weren't his peers and that was the problem—they held it against him and he felt badly about that for many years." If he still feels resentment, Mulroney is careful to conceal it. "I was ambitious," he says, "and not always in the most pleasant way. I was a bit of a loudmouth."

After graduating with honors in political science, Mulroney spent a year at Dalhousie Law School, then

field of labor law. Though he almost always represented management, who saw his working class background and flawless bilingualism as key assets, he won grudging respect from the province's labor leaders as a straight shooter.

Then, on the evening of March 21, 1974, a minor union official at the James Bay hydro project drove a D-8 bulldozer into the generators at the LG2 damsite, causing \$35 million damage. Premier Robert Bourassa responded by appointing a royal commission chaired by Provincial Court Judge Robert Cliche, onetime leader of the Quebec NDP. Mulroney was a natural



1976 Tory leadership convention: "It took the biggest gang bang in history to stop me"

returned to Quebec to finish his law degree at Laval University. At the last minute, he abandoned plans to practise law in Baie Comeau and accepted an offer to join one of Quebec's largest and most prestigious law firms. At Ogilvy, Montgomery, Renault, Clarke and Kirkpatrick, Mulroney quickly developed a specialty in the nascent

choice to sit as one of the Cliche commissioners.

The resulting hearings brought Quebec television viewers a serial morality play of awesome drama. Through shrewd use of wiretaps, surreptitious tape recordings and relentless in camera interrogation, the commission ferreted out details of a pervasive

### **Cover Story**

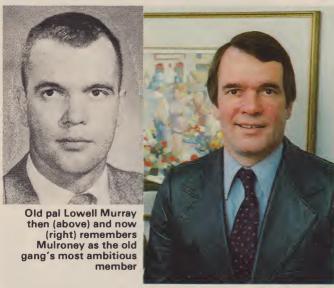
web of gangsterism in the construction trades. The trail of violence, bribes and corruption led to the highest offices of the Bourassa government. Quebec's attention was riveted on the inquiry and Mulroney skyrocketed to provin-

cial prominence.

The commission filed its 604-page report a year to the day after its appointment. "We made 134 recommendations, every one of which was enacted in law," Mulroney recalls proudly, "and there hasn't been a goddam peep out of those guys since." Two months later, Robert Stanfield resigned the Tory leadership and Brian Mulroney convinced himself he was the best qualified replacement.

As the only non-caucus member in the race and an early front runner, Mulroney became an obvious target for the other candidates. About the only thing his opponents could agree on was that the new leader should be an MP, a view endorsed by John Diefenbaker in a speech to the convention, with devastating impact on Mulroney's campaign. Mulroney's lack of clear stands on policy issues led to charges he was a cosmetic candidate—







Doucet (above) and, as APEC's past president today (right): He's still not sure about that call to Dief



Bionic Brian—the creation of image manipulators fuelled by lavish contributions from big business.

When he talks about the campaign today, Mulroney has the air of a man straining to rein in lingering bitterness. "I knew it would be an obstacle," he says of his non-membership in caucus. "But take a look at the Liberal party here in Quebec. They elected Claude Ryan. He was not a member of caucus. He'd never even run for church warden. Ryan was not even a member of the party until he decided to run for leader."

Gradually the fuse grows shorter.

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ATLANTIC INSIGHT, MAY 1981

Reminded of the charge he tried to buy the convention, Mulroney snaps, "That's bullshit. I had a pretty sexy, razzmatazz campaign. What the hell's wrong with that? So it didn't fly with some of the delegates. I wasn't a member of caucus. I didn't have any pros working for me. So what the hell, we made mistakes." The famous Mulroney baritone has slipped half an octave. His expression is grim. "They all sit around and say, 'He did this wrong, he did that wrong.' Well I must have done something right. Christ, I came in second and it took the biggest gang bang in history to stop me."

Those moments betray Mulroney's failure to get over what Dalton Camp calls his "big sulk." In the years since the convention, his circle of friends has been confined mostly to those who actively supported his leadership bid. Insiders say his resentment of former classmates Murray and Creaghan is particularly deep seated. Mulroney knows such feelings will have to be suppressed if he decides to run again, but nothing in his previous career had prepared him for defeat. "He was surprised," Doucet says. "He

expected to win."

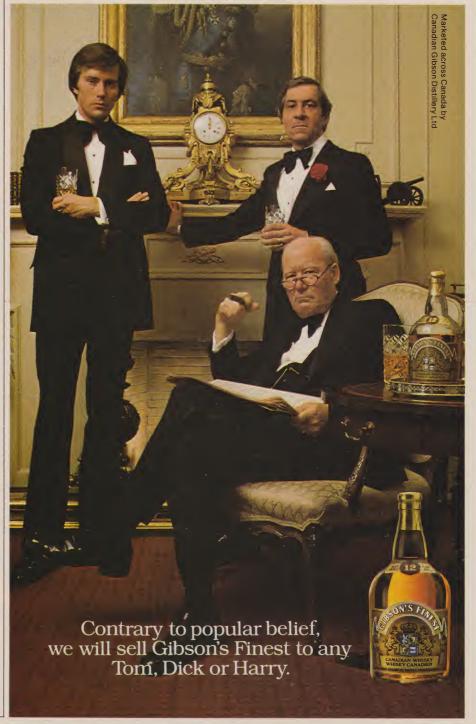
Another legacy of the '76 campaign could return to haunt Mulroney. Press estimates of the tab for his leadership campaign ranged from \$343,000 (Maclean's) to \$430,000 (The Last Post). By contrast, Joe Clark spent only \$168,353, and no other candidate topped \$300,000. Mulroney insists none of the press guesses is accurate, but he refuses to supply the real figure. He also reneged on a signed promise to submit a list of his campaign contributors and the amounts they gave. Mulroney contends that then party president Michael Meighen changed the rules after the pledges were signed, announcing that the lists would be made public instead of being kept for internal party fund-raising. Meighen denies this, insisting public disclosure was the acknowledged purpose of the exercise from the beginning. Part of Mulroney's reluctance can be ascribed to the fact that his contributors included several prominent Liberals whom he doesn't want to embarrass.

If nothing else, the episode demonstrates Mulroney's power as a fundraiser. Later this month, St. Francis Xavier will announce an early end to a special \$7-million fund drive. The campaign, which Mulroney directed, will exceed that goal by about \$3 million. For Mulroney, it was a chance to repay what he sees as a personal debt. "Where else could a barefoot kid from Baie Comeau have come to get that kind of an education?" he asks. "They didn't kick you out, you know, if you

didn't pay your bills. Most of the time we were working in the summer to pay off last year's bills. You're talking about a talented group of people to whom St. F.X. was not only an opportunity—it was the only opportunity. The good gentlemen of Harvard were not knocking on my door in Baie Comeau to offer me a scholarship."

As president of the Iron Ore Company of Canada, Mulroney now controls the fate of several company towns in northern Quebec and Labrador, towns not unlike the one St. F.X. helped him escape. IOCC's management of those towns hasn't escaped criticism. Michel Nadeau, financial

writer for the influential Montreal daily LeDevoir, recently revealed that IOCC has begun transferring virtually all the company's profits to its seven U.S. and one Canadian owners. The transfers reverse a previous policy of reinvestment at a time when slumping iron ore markets are forcing the layoff of up to 1,500 of IOCC's 8,000 workers. The transfers include a \$97-million (U.S.) payout in 1979 and dividends of \$82 million (U.S.) in 1980. Nadeau thinks that cash requirements of IOCC's U.S. owners have taken precedence over the long-term interests of its Canadian workers during the period of Mulroney's stewardship.



### **Cover Story**

It's not the sort of analysis that makes a good backdrop for a leadership campaign, and Mulroney has been quick to condemn it. He seized on the fact that Nadeau had mistaken the 1979 payment for a dividend, when in reality it was a loan repayment. Nadeau corrected that error before the series of articles concluded. Mulroney points out that IOCC has not paid a dividend since 1971 and says that, viewed in that light, the recent payments are not out of line. He also complains that Nadeau failed to call and check such facts with

him. Nadeau says he spoke with Mulroney at least three times before the stories appeared, and during one of those conversations, Mulroney confirmed that the new dividend policy will continue in 1981.

Nadeau's articles led to one ironic encounter. At a time when Mulroney was raising millions for St. F.X., spiritual home of Canada's co-operative movement, he found himself embroiled in a heated flap with the head of that movement's most successful wing. The Confédération des Caisses Populaires,

francophone equivalent of the credit union league, is not well known outside Quebec, but with four million clients, it dwarfs its anglophone counterpart. Confédération president Alfred Rouleau, revered elder statesman of Quebec social movements, told a Sept Iles audience after Nadeau's articles appeared that IOCC was guilty of immoral behavior in siphoning company profits to its American owners. Mulroney, in turn, charged Rouleau with "insulting meddling" in IOCC's affairs.

If this doesn't seem like the stuff of which leadership campaigns are made, Mulroney professes no great interest in another leadership race. "Maybe I'm not as ambitious as I thought," he grins. "My old Irish heart is not going to break if I don't wind up as leader of the Conservative party." But public nonchalance masks an intense personal debate on the wisdom of sacrificing the financial security of a top executive position for another try at the brass ring. "It's very heavy on him," says Doucet, one of the inner circle with whom Mulroney has discussed the decision. "The conventional wisdom is that he's made up his mind to run. I don't accept that.'

Mulroney knows he mustn't appear too anxious. Tories may be prone to eat their leaders, but they rarely reward the fellow who sharpens the carving knife. Most observers agree Mulroney will have to decide before the Joliette byelection. Says Dalton Camp, "If he ran and won [in Joliette], he'd be very hard to stop. If he ran and lost, I don't think he'd be very credible." Mulroney insists he won't work to other people's timetables. He says a leadership race, if one comes at all, may be more than a year away. There could be other opportunities to seek a Quebec seat. But he admits that having a seat would be a prerequisite. "I've established the minor precedent that if you're not a member of Parliament, you shouldn't run for leader of the Progressive Conservative party," he says. "Having established that, I don't intend to establish it a second time.

Winning Joliette would not be a sure thing. LaSalle held the seat for 13 years on the basis of personal, rather than party, loyalty. Even his majority slipped to 389 votes in the last election (down from 5,494 in 1979). In a byelection, Liberals could pour tremendous resources into the riding. "They'd go all out to knock me off," Mulroney says, "they've made that pretty clear." His voice drops and his stare grows distant. "They might have an awful big surprise."

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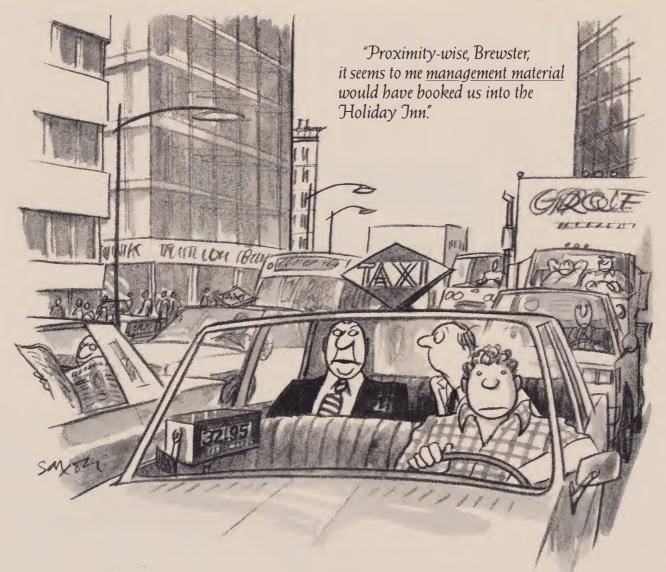
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### Travel



Legislative buildings: Massive mess of garish Victoriana

# Is Victoria all tea and crumpets?

Not on your life. What makes it distinctive is the historic blossoming of "gigantic eccentrics." What makes it appealing is "the fragrance of the freedom to be unique." And, oh yes, the weather's nice too

By Harry Bruce rancis Mawson "Ratz" Ratten-bury, a somewhat mad Englishman, met his bloody end 46 years ago but his flamboyant spirit still floats in the sweet-smelling and eternally soft air of Victoria's waterfront. In no other Canadian city does an architect's ghost so thoroughly dominate the scene. For it was Rattenbury who designed that great brick, vinecovered, chateau-style tribute to teaand-crumpetry, the Empress Hotel. "The Empress Hotel is Victoria," local writer Godfrey Holloway once burbled. "Victoria is the Empress Hotel."

From the harbor wall, nudged by ranks of pretty yachts, you can't see Rattenbury's Empress without also seeing Rattenbury's Legislative Buildings. They are a massive, domed, curiously endearing mess of minarets, Gothic influences and garish Victoriana. They'd be perfectly at home in what some older locals are still pleased to call "the Far Eastern Empire," but nevertheless these buildings, too, are Victoria. To celebrate Queen Victoria's

Diamond Jubilee, the government outlined them in Christmas lights. That was 84 years ago but the townsfolk liked the show so much that the lights still twinkle away every night. The effect is pure schmaltz, but it makes you feel good.

From the front doors of Rattenbury's Legislative Buildings, you can see Rattenbury's Acropolis-style Canadian Pacific Steamships pavilion, once known as a "temple to Neptune," now known as the home of a Royal London Wax Museum (without which no selfrespecting, tourist-hustling city can ever be complete). From the back doors of Rattenbury's Empress, you can see Rattenbury's Crystal Garden. It's an elegant, airy, glass affair. Johnny "Tarzan" Weissmuller ("the human hydroplane") opened its pool—"the largest, under-glass, sea-water swimming pool in the world"—back in 1925. By the 1970s, however, Crystal Garden was a dismal wreck. The book Victoria Then and Now (1977) called it "an architectural whale beached on an age of littler people who could not live up to its pretensions...a major embarrassment to a tourist town which prides itself on preserving its heritage, and a stain on the escutcheon of the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.'

Crystal Garden, however, was gloriously reborn. The Provincial Capital Commission touched it with a magic wand and much money, and it reopened just last spring as a tropical conservatory. Where Tarzan showed his stuff 56 years ago there's now a lovingly nurtured, indoor jungle, complete with great, grey, green, greasy foliage, waterfall, fountain, rare insects, horny reptiles, bleeding heart pigeons, Chinese painted quails, red-rumped parrots, and a whole bunch of other unbelievable birds. On an upper deck, under the lattices of the glass roof, you can sip tea and munch crumpets while overlooking the vivid, exotic plants and creatures below. Crystal Garden, in short, has suddenly come a long way toward recovering its reputation as what one writer called "Victoria's most splendid indulgence of all: A last word in Imperial graceful living.'

### **Travel**

Wherever Rattenbury is now—and it's unlikely he's in heaven—he must look with satisfaction on the restoration of Crystal Garden's glory. It was his last triumph. Indeed, it was at a banquet in his honor, and to celebrate his brilliant promotion of the project, that he met the beautiful, sad-faced, pouting blonde who would prove his horrible undoing. Her name was Alma Pakenham and, though 30 years younger than Ratz, she was already both a widow and a grass widow. What first attracted her to him was the sincerity with which the cream of Victoria's society sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow" in his honor. Rattenbury promptly deserted his dowdy wife for her, and infuriated that same society by parading his paramour around

town. In Rattenbury (1978), historian (1978), hi

arm.

Rattenbury wasn't really a jolly good fellow. He had demonic energy, feverish ambition. promotion skills that bordered on con artistry. He could whip up architectural drawings faster than anyone in sight. But he was ruthless, arrogant, cocky, envy-ridden, dissembling and, more than likely, crooked. Other architects despised him, and for a generation he was among the most con-

the life of Victoria. He was an amazing character and, as such, wonderfully

typical of his adopted city.

The amazing characters in Victoria's history give the lie to its image as an enclave of conformist bureaucrats and stuffy, prissy, conservative snobs who are all trying to be more British than the British ever were. Victoria, of course, has asked for its Union-Jackloving image. The Empress has milked it with marvellous success for most of this century, and gift shops overflow with the good British sweaters, good British tweeds, and good British brica-bracthat good Yankee tourists adore.

Victoria's full of fake Tudor timbers, and hostelries with names like Robin Hood Motel, Canterbury Inn, Oxford Castle Inn, King John's Inn and, of course, Olde England Inn. Tourism flacks write about "Olde World Charm," and sometimes you'd swear the locals think the proper way to spell "old" is "olde."

Need you be told that Victoria also boasts Anne Hathaway's Thatched Cottage, a Plymouth Tavern, a miniature World of Dickens, something called a Fable Cottage Estate and, naturally, an Olde Curiosity Shop? When you add to these a classic car museum, haunted house, the wax museum, exhibits of captured fish, and assorted fantasylands you'd think you'd

Rattenbury, only more palatable personalities. Robert Pim Butchart (1856-1943) was a cement tycoon, and Jenny Butchart (1868-1950) was his wife. She, it turned out, had one of the world's greenest thumbs. Dangling from a bos'un's chair against the grey walls of her husband's worked-out quarry, she packed ivy into every crevice she could find to create a spectacular sunken garden. Her happy obsession resulted in the Butcharts eventually fashioning an Italian garden, Japanese garden and, all in all, an enchanting, 35-acre maze of statues. intimate avenues of rare trees and exotic shrubs, magically illuminated fountains, brilliant blooms and sometimes blossoming fireworks. As far back as the First World War, the



troversial figures in Double-decker buses: Touches of Olde England that tourists adore

landed in a Niagara Falls with a British accent, or a Charlottetown in which the Micmac demigod Glooscap has playfully jammed every tourist trap on Prince Edward Island.

Victoria, however, has three exceptional tourist attractions and, in their separate ways, they bring us back to those amazing characters. At Sealand of the Pacific, Canada's biggest oceanarium, the characters are octopus, fish, diving birds, seals, sea lions and two killer whales. The stunts the whales perform are worth a trip across Canada all by themselves. At Butchart Gardens, the amazing characters are ghosts like

Butcharts served tea in one year to no less than 18,000 flower-lovers who'd come to see their gardens, and even today the estate that's been called "the outstanding showplace of the Pacific Northwest" is a fine spot to enjoy Victoria's ubiquitous afternoon tea and crumpets.

The third Victoria institution that any visitor would be a fool to miss is the Provincial Museum. It's right down in Rattenbury territory, only a hop away from the Empress, and in many respects it's the most imaginative museum in Canada. It has superb masks and totem poles by amazing



Rattenbury: Flamboyant and ruthless

in a B.C. town is so real that if you're in there on an uncrowded day it's positively spooky. You walk round on wooden bricks, window shopping and rubbernecking at hundreds of objects made from brass, silver, ivory, ebony, mother-of-pearl, studded leather, bamboo beads, lace, fur, linen, canvas, wool, silk, velvet, plush, feathers, colored glass, cut class, bevelled glass, and all the other beloved materials of the musty time before the age of plastic. A breeze stirs the curtains in the window of an old kitchen, which boasts a wood stove called the Great Majestic, and from somewhere beyond the window come the great, old sounds of a train entering town, and horses' hoofs and squeaking cartwheels as men go to meet her, and voices greeting one another, and finally, as she pulls out, her steam whistle and clanging bells,

by Atlantic Canadian standards its span of history is therefore puny. But during and just after the Brawling Time, out there in the distant and mysteriously balmy air beyond the mountains, Victoria made up for the brevity of its history by becoming a hothouse for the nurturing of sensational events, the blossoming of overnight fortunes, the unfolding and withering of gigantically eccentric personalities.

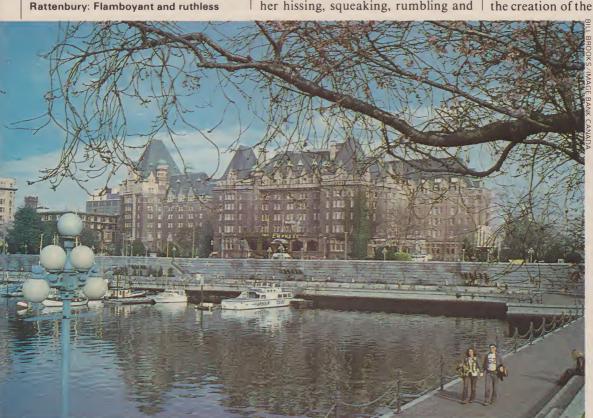
he champion amazing character of 19th-century Victoria was a Nova Scotian who'd learned about democratic politics from none other than Joseph Howe, followed the gold trail to California, changed his name from Bill Smith to Amor De Cosmos ("Lover of the Universe"), founded the fighting British Colonist in Victoria, promoted the creation of the Canadian nation as

> graph far back as 1860,
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> ma became a frequently drunken politician, wound up as pre-mier of British Columbia in 1872 and a quarter-century later in the year Rattenbury's Legislative Buildings opened, died crazy. "I am one of those, De Cosmos once allowed, "who believe that political hatreds attest the vitality of the state." That may be why he called his opponents "the vilest scum on earth," and sometimes tried to bash in their heads with his walking stick. It may have been De Cosmos, among other spec-tacular Victoria eccentrics, that a mainland politician had in mind when, in 1870, he nominated the city as "the

proper place...for a lunatic asylum." In our own time, a former mayor named Dick Wilson had a gentler description of Victoria's nutty character. He said it "offers an opportunity to be a little

different." And so it does.

That is Victoria's most attractive and least celebrated social quality: Its historic tolerance, indeed its cultivation, of unconventional men and women, of those who not only Did Their Own Thing but also did it sensationally. (The community turned on Rattenbury, it's true, but that was because he'd earned enemies, and with regard to his wife was not merely an



Nudged by pretty yachts, Rattenbury's Empress Hotel is Victoria

characters among the Indians of the west coast, and dioramas complete with the sounds of sea on stone, the cries of wildlife, the smells of pine needles, hay, sawdust, a fish cannery. There's a story that Jean J. André, chief of exhibits, was so lovingly fanatical about his work that he proposed dumping regular loads of steaming manure under the stuffed horse in the pioneer-farm diorama. If his bosses overruled him in this case, he and his team were nevertheless free to create marvellously detailed pavilions of the

The turn-of-the-century street scene

chuffing, and the glorious groaning of heavy metal. It's beautifully done, a triumph of the modern marriage in museums between research and show biz.

The museum town, though not meant to be Victoria, is full of tangible reminders of the city's Brawling Time, a time when it was a little San Francisco and seethed with the drunken crews of sailing vessels, with hard-boiled, northbound, gold-fevered prospectors, with 56 saloons, hundreds of hookers, and thousands of Chinese and their opium factories. It was only in 1843 that Victoria started as a trading post, and

### Travel

eccentric but was also a sadistic bounder.) This, after all, is the city in which, for decades, one of the world's most famous hotels smoothly endured "the Empress dowagers," old ladies who lived there permanently, cooked in their rooms, became overbearing tea-time fixtures among the potted palms in the lobby, and blithely fed the seagulls from their windows. This, after all, is also the city in which a spinster willed that, upon her death, her entire fortune be set aside for the care and feeding of an incredibly longlived South American macaw named Louis the Lush. Appropriately enough, the spinster's first name was Victoria. And this is the city were, in Godfrey Holloway's words, there lived "an eccentric young woman who gradually

became an eccentric old woman. She had a pet monkey, she kept boarders whom she seems to have hated, and she painted. Her name was Emily Carr." She was perhaps the greatest woman artist in Canadian history, and she's the heroine of a fine little museum in Victoria.

It is the fragrance of the freedom to be unique that makes Victoria something more than what one B.C. writer called "the Mecca where elderly people visit their grandparents" and something better than what another defined as a place of upper crust British accents, of "blazers and flannels, tweeds and caps, gin-andtonics, iced tea tinkling beside the cricket pitch...red faces and shouting at the rugger match, slightly aged A happy obsession produced the gorgeous Butchart Gardens

sports cars, golf shoes in the hall closet, and a certain bluff and hearty haw-haw hello." At the same time, Victoria doubtless owes part of its air of live-and-let-live-eccentrically to this same British background. To that, to the climate, to the scenery, to the magnetism of the Pacific coast that drew so many oddballs to California. (Almost a century ago, John A. Macdonald said Victoria reminded him of a remark that "no Yankee would wish to remain in Heaven if he heard of a place further west.")

These attractions brought to Victoria not only the plus-foured British remittance men and retired Royal Navy officers of Victoria's cliché image but also a polyglot population of restaurateurs, leatherworkers, silversmiths, bookbinders and, one suspects, more potters, painters and poets per acre

than anywhere else in Canada. The Victoria Dining Guide archly identifies no less than 75 "favorite purveyors of fine comestibles" under categories that include a dozen nationalities ranging from Lebanese to Mexican. In Summer of Promise Derek Pethick reports that, as far back as 1873, the jury that heard the case of a Frenchman charged with theft included six French-speaking and six English-speaking members. Victoria had its own Scandinavian Society in 1895, and anyone who doubts that it remains an international city, rather than a resort for elderly Brits and elderly ersatz Brits, should listen to a former Yorkshireman named Robin Skelton.

"Sometimes I sit in a beer parlor," Skelton once wrote, "with the Hun-



garians, the Czechs, the Danes, the Poles, the East Indians, the Ukrainians. the French, the Irish, the Austrians and the Scots and reflect upon the conglomeration which is my country. My cleaning woman is Russian. The baby calls her Babushka. My closest friend is German. We shop at a Chinese store. This is marvellous to me. I am in the very middle of a human family. I am in a nation of internationals. I am in a gathering place of humankind.

Skelton himself is a rather amazing Victoria character. Founder of the creative writing department at the University of Victoria, co-founder and editor of the Malahat Review, which is among the best literary journals in the English-speaking world, scholar, anthologist, editor or author of dozens of books, friend of some of the greatest writers of the century, Skelton is also

no mean poet in his own right. After 18 years in Victoria, he feels he may just be becoming "a true Victorian, a Victorian Victorian." Your true Victorian values people for themselves rather than their wealth, and believes in a kind of village mentality whereby society operates on the basis of casual conversation and calling on friends for help. Your true Victorian respects eccentricity, rejects the age of hype and commercial gloss, haunts the town's excellent antique shops to collect art, rare books, or just fascinating junk.

kelton's a collector. He buys dusty 78-r.p.m. records for himself and china featuring the Royal Family for his wife. His spirit is as generous as his grey beard is bushy and the brim of his

black hat is broad. He has a floral bracelet tattoed round his right wrist, wears big rings on every finger, carries a silver-knobbed cane, strangely reminds one of a magician, a freelance holy man, of someone who wandered into Victoria from a previous century and decided to stay there forever. That's the other thing about your "true Victorian." He knows he'll never live anywhere else.

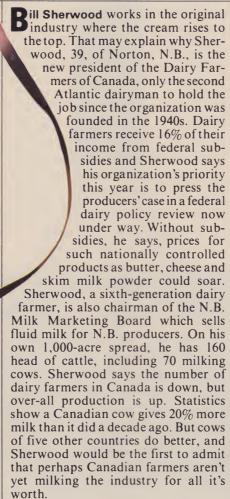
Rattenbury made the fatal mistake of leaving. He and Alma Pakenham married and, the stink of scandal having wrecked what was left of his mouldering career in Victoria, settled in Bournemouth, England. "If he had searched the wide world over," Terry Reksten his biographer, wrote, "he could not have found a place

more like Victoria." The rot that now set into his life bored Alma. She bedded their stocky, bow-legged, 17year-old chauffeur, and he killed Rattenbury by bashing in his head. After one of the most sensational British trials of this century, a jury acquitted her but convicted the boy. His death sentence was commuted to life imprisonment but, before that, she stabbed herself in the heart and, with literally her last gasp, hurled herself in the Avon River.

When you visit Victoria, go to Crystal Garden and, while taking your tea and crumpets and eyeing the impossible purple birds under Rattenbury's glass roof, remember that if it hadn't been for that sour, doomed, mad genius, Victoria might not be what it is today: An amazing character among Canadian cities.



#### **Folks**



Thanks to a new musical group, Speed the Plough, two of Prince Edward Island's most famous musical songwriters from the last century, Larry Gorman and Lawrence Doyle, are gaining a new appreciative audience. Doyle and Gorman wrote scathing commentaries on the Island scene and sang them unaccompanied to traditional Irish and Scottish tunes. Although Speed the Plough has an arsenal of musical instruments, the old songs don't get lost in cluttered arrangements. Lenny Gallant, of South Rustico, is the group's leader and creative force and he's backed up by Roy Johnstone, Margie Carmichael, Sigrid Rolfe and David Papazian. Every one of them plays at least two instruments. Aside from traditional Irish, Scottish and Acadian fare, the group, together for just a year, performs original material, almost all of it written by Gallant and most of it about the Maritime way of life and the threats it faces. The group wants to make a full-time living from music. Speed the Plough has toured Island schools holding workshops for enthusiastic crowds of 250 children. In

the meantime, occasionally Gallant and Johnstone can be found playing on street corners in the summer and, Gallant confesses, "sometimes we make better money at that than we do in concerts or lounges."

cologist John Evans has a sense of purpose. He calls his experimental, passive solar home in Logy Bay, Nfld., "the opening shot in a housing revolution." He's lived in it for nearly a year and says confidently that lowcost, passive solar heat can work in a cold, foggy place like Newfoundland. The only back-up heat needed all winter came from burning half a cord of "the worst kind of wood." Four concepts make the house work. The central living area is "clothed," he says, by peripheral areas—attic, entrance, a greenhouse that runs the length of the south wall. Second, all the windows are on the south side and they're angled to let the sun in all day. Then there's movable insulation on the skylights—thick window covers that Evans closes at night to keep the day's heat in. And, finally, super-insulation: "The best investment for the money you can make in a new house." His fibreglass batting (12 inches in the walls, 16 in the ceiling) is twice as cosy as the maximum federal housing recommendations, but he says it paid for itself in the first year. Is passive solar heat expensive? Evans figures the energy-conserving features raised the construction cost by 10%. But after that, the heat is virtually free. Besides, "every time you do something new it costs more," he says, "because you're scratching your head when you



Evans: Letting the sun do it



Bryant: Gymnastics with a difference

ebbie Bryant is a gymnast who normally doesn't do cartwheels, but she could be forgiven if she turned a few after being named New Brunswick's female athlete of the year. Debbie, 23, of Moncton, is a champion in modern rhythmic gymnastics, a sport that resembles dance. "Because it is new, I was very surprised by the recognition," she says. Debbie was in Grade 9 when Mariana Roman, a University of Moncton instructor from Romania, invited girls to try a sport unknown in North America. A few did, but all dropped out except Debbie who studied alone for two years. Today, N.B. has 300 students involved in the sport, a number second only to Ontario. Debbie, who came second in last year's Canadian championships, represented Canada in three world meets and hopes to go again this year. Were she younger, she says, she would try for the 1984 Olympics, which has accepted the sport as an event. But now the bilingual science graduate has applied to four medical schools. Acceptance at one should be worth at least a handstand.



The Jones boys: Their father's sons

hen Halifax's Earl Jones says boxling's "in our blood," he's not kidding. Earl, 21, and his brothers, George, 19, and Jim, 20—a gold medal winner at the 1979 Canada Winter Games—are all former Nova Scotia amateur champions and their father/ promoter, Leroy "Rocco" Jones, is a well-known former welterweight boxer. Recently all the brothers turned professional together. In the rough-andtumble of pro boxing, Rocco says, "they'll no longer have to apologize for hard punches. They'll fight till they drop." When the Joneses were kids, Rocco ran a boxing school that trained such promising fighters as Dave Downey, Lenny Sparks, Chris Clark and Rick Anderson—and the Jones boys. They still work out together with Earl, a 145-pound welterweight, throwing the punches at 140-pound Jim and 125-pound George. "If these guys can take my best," Earl explains, "then opponents their own weight will be a cinch for them." "We teach each other," George adds, "and give one another support."

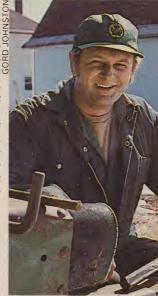
nn Bell went, as she puts it, "from A homework to housework to diapers." Married at 17, she had six children (five sons and a daughter) in quick succession, then at 30 "decided it was time to do something for myself.' She became Corner Brook's first mature nursing student. Now, at 41, Bell is infection control nurse at Western Memorial Regional Hospital and first president of Newfoundland's five-month-old Advisory Council on the Status of Women. She got involved in the women's movement through the politically active Corner Brook Status of Women Council. Bell says the ad-

visory councils "have to survive. There is no other agency being an advocate for women, and that's important because women do not have a political base or business base on which to build, like men do." Bell and other members of the Corner Brook council once got word that the Newfoundland Liquor Corporation was not taking well to their efforts to get a woman appointed to a vacant liquor board seat. "What will we do at our annual fishing trip up the Gander River?" humphed a director. The Corner Brook women offered to supply a pup tent for each woman appointed to the board. Their candidate got the seat.

ne Alberta critic raves that Cape Breton's **Minglewood Band** "is among the finest blues-rock bands in the world." After five years of Canadian success, the six-man group is out to prove exactly that. They've released a new album distributed internationally by RCA, recorded in Memphis, Tenn., and produced by well-known U.S. record producer Duck Dunn, who has worked with stars like Otis Redding and the Blues Brothers. "He has tons of experience," says band leader Matt Minglewood, a North Sydney, N.S., native, "but he seems to have a good feel for what we do." What Minglewood does—a mix of ballads and "raunchy" blues with emphasis on showmanship and Maritime themes—has earned the group fans across Canada, two gold records, a 1979 award from RPM, the national music magazine, as "Best New Artists of the Year," and a Juno Award nomination last year. Despite the band's move into the international spotlight, Minglewood says they're not after stardom. "We all just love playing," he says.

After two years of jet-setting across the country, Jim Mayne is back in Emerald Junction, P.E.I., farming full-time. The 30-year-old former president of the National Farmers Union stepped into the job in December, 1978, succeeding Roy Atkinson, who'd held the position since the union was created in 1969. Mayne's major priority was reaching the grassroots, and as a young farmer with a high debt load running a hog operation in a time of depressed

prices, he found it Z easy to establish his 5 credibility. His other objective was to make consumers more aware of the serious financial squeeze facing the country's farmers. And, despite some noisy clashes with the Consumers' Association of Canada—"a tool of the federal government's cheap food policy"—Mayne believes shoppers realize that very little of the food stores' profits finds its way back to the farm gate. He worries about the lack



Mayne's back home

of political clout carried by Canada's shrinking farm population—something he predicts may be resolved within the next five years as farmers put aside their differences and form united fronts. Meantime, Mayne plans to spend more time with his young family. And the future? "I've always been fascinated by politics in both ways—a negative and a positive way."

#### Food

### **Fish for compliments**

Shell-baked Fish
6 oz. large scallops
6 oz. haddock
2 medium carrots, peeled
2 medium onions, peeled
6 medium mushrooms,
5 tbsp. unsalted butter
salt, pepper
3/4 tsp. dried tarragon
2 tbsp. chopped shallots
6 tsp. butter
6 tbsp. chicken stock
6 tbsp. vermouth
1 egg, beaten

Cut scallops in half horizontally and haddock into strips about 2"x1/2" Grate carrots and cut onions and mushrooms into julienne strips. Melt butter in pan over low heat, add carrot and onion, cook for 4 minutes. Add mushrooms, cook 2 minutes, then add salt, pepper, tarragon and cook 2 minutes more. Remove from heat. Spread coarse salt over broiler pan and press 6 shells firmly onto it. Into each shell layer 1/6 vegetables, shallots, fish, salt, pepper, vegetables. Sprinkle with 1 tbsp. each stock and vermouth, top with 1 tsp. butter, cover with another shell. Brush strips of pastry, 1½" wide, ½" thick (recipe follows), with egg. Fold egg-brushed side over edge, right around shell. Bake in preheated 500° F. oven 9-10 minutes or until pastry is brown and puffed.

Mock puff pastry
1½ cups flour
½ lb. unsalted butter,
broken into about 18 pieces
½ cup sour cream

Put metal blade in processor, add flour, butter and process to coarse meal stage. Add sour cream, process until mixture forms a ball. Remove from bowl and knead lightly 2 or 3 times on floured board. Wrap, refrigerate overnight. Solomon Gundy Quiche

Pastry
1 cup all-purpose flour
1½ oz. unsalted butter,
cut into 6 pieces

½ oz. shortening 1 large egg yolk 3 tbsp. ice water good pinch salt

Put steel blade in processor, add unsifted flour, butter, shortening, salt and process about 6 seconds to coarse meal stage. Add egg yolk through feed tube while processing, then add water while processing. Continue processing until dough gathers into ball. Remove, place on sheet of foil, flatten slightly, wrap well and put in fridge at least 2 hours, or overnight. Let dough stand 15 minutes before rolling. Roll out to little less than 1/8" thick, line greased quiche or pie pan, flute edge of pastry and brush with beaten egg.

Filling
2 medium yellow onions, sliced thinly
4 oz. btld. pickled herring
1 oz. oil and melted margarine
1 cup whipping cream
1 cup sour cream
4 large eggs
2 oz. mozzarella, grated salt and pepper handful chopped parsley

or spinach

3 tbsp. dry bread crumbs Put onions in frypan with oil and margarine over very low heat, cover and cook for 15 minutes. Stir occasionally. Sprinkle crumbs over bottom of pie shell. Strain onion and spread evenly over crumbs. Cut herring in small pieces, squeeze in paper towel to extract juice and place on top of onion. Sprinkle with cheese. Process eggs, cream, sour cream, salt, pepper for 1 minute and pour 34 of this custard into pie plate. Place on bottom rack of preheated 450° F. oven and bake for 5 minutes. Then add parsley or spinach to remaining custard, pour into the quiche and cover lightly with foil. Reduce to 375° F. Bake for 38 minutes, uncovered for last 8 minutes.



At Les Poissons, the cooking school Karen Neal runs from her Halifax home, fish preparation is the main feature, as it is in her demonstrations on CBC-TV's High Noon. She also develops recipes for restaurants and admits, "Here my secret agenda is to get more fish on the menu." Neal, 37, is an enthusiastic exponent of nouvelle cuisine, in which "everything is light, fresh, natural with lots of vegetables, white meat and fish, and very little red meat." Her interest in food goes back to her Glace Bay childhood, where in her family home, "food was part of the environment of hospitality." She wasn't interested in a career in cooking, opting instead for journalism and education, until two years ago when she took a week's course at the famous La Varenne cooking school in Paris, and found the experience "very reinforcing. I found to my surprise that I had come a long way on my own."



#### Art



Surette's "Lifeboat": Exorcism of death's frozen stare

# Nelson Surette paints the folk, but he's no folk artist

By Harry Thurston hen George Albert Surette was riding the swells of Georges Bank in a dory, his wife, Mary, kept their eldest son, Nelson, out of mischief by giving him jams, jellies, wild berries, even colored tissue paper, "anything that would stain." It was the Depression and the family could not afford paints or brushes, so Nelson made a paste of his mother's mélange of natural pigments and finger-painted. Fifty-five years later, Nelson Surette is still painting with his hands—in oils now—"sculpting" monuments to the dorymen of his father's generation, his mother's Acadian kitchen, and the heavy seas and skies that weigh upon southwestern Nova Scotia's District of

His sombre, muted, often grim depictions of the past have earned him comparison with Gustave Courbet, the father of French realism. Yet Surette was nearly 50 before a friend convinced him his work would interest others. Before that, he worked as a fisherman's helper, sailmaker, gravedigger, landscaper and antique upholsterer and painted to please himself.

Today, Surette has a Montreal dealer; his paintings are part of an Art Gallery of Nova Scotia exhibition, Acadia Nova, currently touring the region; and film-maker/author Kingsley Brown, who produced an acclaimed 1977 documentary about the fishing industry based on Surette's paintings, is preparing a bilingual tabletop book about him and his art. Fourteen years after his first public exhibition, however, Nelson Surette still is known in his community as the upholsterer who paints.

He never attends openings. His wife, Julia, acts as his agent and the first line of defence against visitors. She greets me at the side door of their large, yellow farmhouse overlooking Mavilette Beach. Inside Nelson Surette

offers his hand, long, fineboned, delicate enough to detail a face or a ship's fitting as deftly as a palette knife. Gaunt features and glasses make Surette look a little like his favorite philosopher, Sartre. Portraits of his ancestors emerge from a background of funereal color on the walls of the parlor. There is an eerie feeling of being in the presence of the risen dead.

Surette's paintings are set in the past but, unlike naive painters, he does not idealize days gone by. He's a realist, "a hard-nosed one at that," says Tom Roach, chairman of the St. Francis Xavier University art department. Adds Pat Laurette, the assistant curator at the Art Gallery of Nova Scotia: "He paints the folk, he's a folk artist in the literalist sense, but he's not in that category by definition....He doesn't want things to pass away, to die, so he keeps reviving his ancestors."

"I have a great respect for labor," Surette says, remembering that men like his father "worked until they dropped, yet were never free of debt." "Clamdiggers," recently purchased by the Art Bank of Nova Scotia, imposes an epic scale on the hunched forms of men who were too old to fish and had to grub in the flats at low tide to make ends meet. "They were sombre times," recalls Surette, 61, of the Depression. "People were struggling to exist. Though from a humanistic point of view, they were better times. People cared more for each other."

Despite his ancestry, Surette does not see himself as an Acadian painter—
"I'm not speaking specifically for the French"—and is adamantly opposed to his work being exploited for nationalistic reasons. He spoke French only up to the age of six. "Culturally, I'm English, and I don't regret that one bit."

But he is sympathetic to the historical plight of his people, and one of his paintings, "The Exodus," depicts a group of refugees, red-coated soldiers, and a headland which suggests that the scene is set in the land of Evangeline, near Grand Pré. The painting was bought, however, by a Jewish family from New Jersey who identified with the anonymous exiles.

Acadian culture is also the inspiration for paintings such as "Soirée," which shows a square dance. But the young couples' faces are grim, there's no high stepping, their bodies sway woodenly as at a wake. The seriousness is intentional. "In my childhood, laughter was suspect," Surette says. "We worked out our salvation through fear and trembling." He adds: "We Acadians kept ourselves down, nobody really held us back. We have to learn to say no to any of the powers that be—there's hope as long as you can say no."

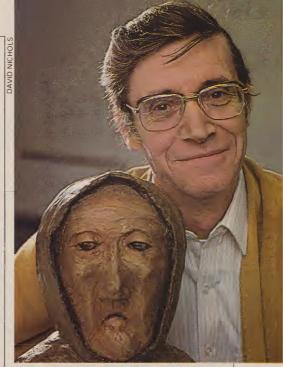
Surette's palette reflects his temperament. "I'm a very sombre person. I tend toward muted color. I can take a high-keyed color like yellow and cut it down to a black—my choice in life in general is to mute." White light appears rarely in his canvases, and when it does it cuts like a torch, revealing, as in "Insight," a portrait of an old man, the vulnerability of his subject.

It is that emotional undertow, the psychological depth in his work, that gives it wide appeal and makes Surette much more than a faithful illustrator of the days of sail. "It's the emotional thing I succeed at," Surette says. "I have to have a strong feeling about a painting." Painting always has been a form of therapy for him, and Julia can tell what kind of mood he's in when he starts a canvas. "I get my feelings out by painting. It would be devastating if there was no way to express them."

He remembers the day in 1949 when he went with the local undertaker

to pick up the bodies of six seamen who died of exposure during a storm at sea. "I knew all of them intimately. Their eyes were frozen open, so you could see what they were thinking when they died." It was not until 1977, with the painting of "Lifeboat," that Surette was able to exorcise those eyes: "They were locked within themselves. That's how I see life today. We are locked within our own suffering."

Surette, right, with sculpture of Acadian folk heroine La Sagouine. But, "Culturally I'm English," he says, "and I don't regret that one bit." Below, "Clamdiggers," recently purchased by the Art Bank of Nova Scotia. Bottom, "La Pâté de Popeur"







#### Literature

# Raddall in retirement

Fifty years ago, Thomas Raddall promised himself he would stop writing when he'd exhausted the themes that interested him. And he did. Pity

By Silver Donald Cameron

Oh, yes, it was a great singing that day in Taggart's forge, but long ago, and who remembers the old time now?

hose words conclude Thomas Raddall's magnificent short story "Blind MacNair," but there will be no more stories like it. Raddall is 77 now, living alone on a side street in Liverpool, N.S., and he still remembers, but he does not write. "I have no regrets about my resolve not to write any more," he says firmly. Who can

call him wrong? It's his life. But a stream of wonderful stories has ceased to run.



Raddall at Bowater banquet

Anyone who cares about Nova Scotia, its history and its people cherishes Thomas Raddall's achievement, from his first collection of short stories, The Pied Piper of Dipper Creek (1939), through novels such as His Majesty's Yankees, The Nymph and the Lamp, The Governor's Lady, and more than a dozen others, to his last book, the memoir In My Time (1976).

The books brought him honors—three Governor-General's Awards, a Fellowship in the Royal Society of Canada, the Society's Lorne Pierce Medal for Literature, the Order of Canada, a string of honorary degrees. They brought him a measure of fame, and a living good enough to enable him "to educate my children, to travel a bit, and to enjoy my life as much as any man can."

The books also brought him a remarkable affection from his fellow Maritimers. People point at McNabs Island in Halifax harbor and say, "That place has a remarkable history. You should read *Hangman's Beach*" or "Louisbourg? You know, Roger

Sudden really brings that place alive." A great many Nova Scotians, it seems, have felt that this quiet, industrious man on the South Shore was speaking for them, setting down on paper what they believed about their own people and their windswept little country by the sea.

No wonder he was asked to become lieutenant-governor. And, given his fierce independence, his rather solitary habits, his addiction to the woods and the lakes, no wonder he declined.

And now?

I had met Raddall before, interviewing him in 1968, the year after what he had said would be his last book, Footsteps on Old Floors. We met again over a TV documentary five years later, and once or twice after that at banquets and the like. He was always much the same: Self-confident in a quiet way, a husky, bald man radiating the good health that comes of a lifetime sprinkled with days and weeks in the woods, at sea, walking the back roads, playing golf. A Toronto reporter said Raddall had "the good square face of a sailor," and that he carried the salt air of Nova Scotia with

But the last five years have not been kind to Raddall, though he wears his disappointments with fortitude and grace. He greets you at the door at 44 Park Street smiling from behind thick spectacles. It is a big house, with grassgreen carpeting running from the wide living room and sun room at the front through the dining room and on out to the study at the back. Raddall added this bright and roomy study, sealed off from the main house by double doors and a soundproof wall, in 1938. The style of the house is spare, open, orderly—no pattern in the carpet, pictures well spaced on the wide expanse of wall, good mahogany furniture and not too much of it. Seven rooms and bath, all tucked in and tidy, shelter one man, who is smaller than memory had made him.

"My wife died in 1975," says Raddall, "and I live alone by choice. I couldn't bear to have a housekeeper clattering around the house, and I have a very good woman who comes in to do the cleaning and dusting. I'm not a gourmet cook, but I'm not a gourmet either, and with the frozen prepared food that you can get today I manage all right."

His marriage—it is no secret, he discusses it briefly but frankly in In My Time—was not a particularly happy one, matching a gregarious, fun-loving village girl with an ambitious and studious writer. In their early days, however, divorce was impossible, and in the end Raddall described their marriage as "like the sea, sparkling and beautiful at times, dark and stormy at others, with long intervals in which I plunged myself into study and writing." But now, without Edith Raddall, the house seems boomingly large.

"Then, since troubles never come singly," says Raddall, "I developed cataracts on both eyes and had to have a series of operations. There were post-operative complications, which meant three miserable years." He struggled to wear contact lenses, couldn't manage it, and had to settle for the thick, small glasses which now cover those shrewd.

penetrating eyes.

"These things are like blinkers on a horse," Raddall says, "you can only see straight ahead." The eye problems put an end to his original retirement plans. "I was going to add some historical research to my papers at Dalhousie—nothing for publication, but just some things I wanted to look into, paying my debt to research—but I can't just get in the car and run into Halifax, and I can't pore over documents as I used to, either."

His life, indeed, is filled with paradox. He and his wife had dreamed of "travelling all around the world—in warm latitudes—and now she's dead, and I couldn't see it anyway. So I guess I'll never visit all these wonderful places." He laughs, his mind running back 60 years to the boy who became a marine radio operator at the age of 15. "I went to sea with the idea of seeing those places, and I spent three years smashing about the North Atlantic, which is about as rough and cold an ocean as you could find, except maybe the Antarctic."

In his first full year as a professional writer, Raddall earned \$1,131.19—not enough, even in 1939, to support a household. The next 20 years Raddall describes as "the years of scratching, when the children were young. But the paradox of it! Today I've got more money than I know how to spend. Some of it would have come in handy back then." He has written no new



Good taste is why you buy it.

Ballantinės

#### Literature

books except his memoir since 1967, but the old books continue to sell. Reader's Digest just paid \$1,200 for the right to condense and reprint "Winter's Tale," Raddall's short story about the experience of being a child during the Halifax explosion of 1917. Raddall shakes his head. "Blackwood's magazine paid the sterling equivalent of \$126 back in the Thirties, when I first wrote that—and I was damn glad to get it, too." A Toronto film company has for several years held an option on the movie rights to The Nymph and the Lamp, and they phoned recently looking for a year's extension. "I said no," Raddall remarks, "I said, you've had extensions on that option already. Either buy the rights or give them up. Well, in the end they decided to buy the rights."

n his working years, Raddall would disappear into a book in November, emerging in the spring with a manuscript—and often, he smiles, "with only the faintest idea of what had gone on in the world, or even in my own house, in the meantime. It was a kind of deliberately cultivated schizophrenia. When I was living in a book, I often didn't know what day of the week it was, or even what week of the month.

"A lot of people don't understand that writing means study and hard work and planning, and rewriting. They think it just comes off the top of a person's head—and of course there are writers like that. I've known some who said that what comes out of the typewriter is what goes to the printer. But it was never like that for me." He used to get up at seven, work till 10 in his pajamas, eat, dress, continue until noon, then spend the afternoon outdoors. Then supper, and during the early evening he would vanish again into the study to harvest the long, latenight hours that "were always my best working hours. After 10 the house was quiet, and I'd often work till I fell asleep over my typewriter—and I'd still get up and go back to work at seven the next morning.

When his book was done, Raddall headed for the woods, hunting and fishing and simply tramping around. "It was the only thing that seemed to relax me and ease my tension," he says. But if the monkish seclusion of writing was followed by a solitary spell in the woods, there couldn't have been much left for marriage and family. "Well, my wife devoted herself to the children," Raddall says. He pauses for a moment, and then says, "I often told her that a writer who is ambitious and is willing

to work should not marry."

Back in his 30s, Raddall had made a solemn promise to himself. He had noticed authors going on long after they should have stopped, publishing worse and worse books until finally their juniors wondered how on earth their parents could ever have found anything worthwhile in the work of such drivellers. "I promised myself," Raddall recalled in his memoir, "that when I had written the themes that interested and excited me I would throw the pen away and dig ditches or do anything rather than grind out books in which I had no heart or interest." At 65, he simply thought that time had come. He noticed what he calls "the waning of my powers."

It wasn't apparent to his readers.

"No, not in the published work, because I cut it all out," Raddall says, rather indignantly. "But for example, I have been blessed with a most marvellous memory. It was like a storehouse, and I could just reach into it and find the fact I needed. And if I didn't remember the fact itself I could remember the place I saw it, or the person who told it to me. But now I have to hunt and hunt and hunt to find the facts I need."

He didn't need money, and neither did his children. His son, Tom, is a dentist in Liverpool, his daughter, Frances, is married to a doctor in Moncton. Indeed, his grandchildren are now of college age, and two of them are interested in writing and journalism.

To Raddall, it all added up. It was time to quit.

Today Raddall reads a great deal, golfs when he can, enjoys the pleasures of life in the small town which has been his milieu for nearly 60 years. Students come to see him—two busloads came from Lunenburg one day—and he's pleased to talk with them, partly because it's a way of passing on the favors done to him by many people over the years who helped him find information he needed.

Every afternoon, Raddall used to walk up to Milton, three miles away, where he was accountant in a rundown sawmill when he first came to the Mersey in 1923. At one point, the local superintendent of highways threatened to bill him for wearing a groove in the road. But as the years went by and traffic increased, the walk became less pleasant. "You were constantly breathing exhaust fumes," Raddall says, "and the brine from the salt they put on the roads splashed up on you. And that's very difficult to get out of your clothes."

So he took up golf, as much for the walking as for the game itself. The nine-hole course at White Point is bordered on three sides by the sea, and even in winter it is a fine place to walk, particularly after a storm, when the surf piles furiously into the land.

"I can only play a travesty of golf now," Raddall smiles. "With these glasses it's difficult to judge the distance from the tip of my nose to the ball. So I lose a lot of balls, but that doesn't

matter. I enjoy it."

And then there's reading, and the pleasures of rereading. "I'm rereading Churchill's life of his ancestor, the Duke of Marlborough, written while Churchill was out of office, before the war," Raddall reflects, "and it's interesting how it prefigures what was going to happen to Churchill himself, being defeated at the polls right after the war. Rereading is interesting in general. I'm finding that people like Kipling, Conan Doyle and Galsworthy don't really stand up; the magic I once found in them is gone. But I'm getting real pleasure out of D.H. Lawrence, possibly because I'm also reading some of his biographies at the same time.'

And—oh, yes—he does put pen to paper once in a while. A new critical anthology about Canadian fiction, Beginnings, edited by John Moss (NC Press, 1980), includes Raddall's brief tribute to another famous Nova Scotia writer, Thomas Chandler Haliburton. And when the Bowater Mersey mill celebrated its 50th anniversary, its management asked Raddall, as one of its first employees, to write a short history of the enterprise. He did, and gave the main address at a commemorative banquet at the Hotel Nova Scotian. The premier was there, and a representative of the Washington Post (which is part-owner of the mill) and a number of other prominences and eminences. When the author from Liverpool sat down, 550 men stood up and applauded.

"That warmed the cockles of the

old heart," smiles Raddall.

I gave him a signed copy of my novel, and he gave me a copy of In My Time, nicely inscribed in his flowing handwriting, in pale blue ink. I went out to the car, humming a forgotten air.

Only later did I identify the tune, a song my father used to sing. If he were living, he would be about Raddall's age, and the song might have been both men's creed:

Work, for the night is coming, When men work no more...

I should go home, I thought, and start another novel. Now.



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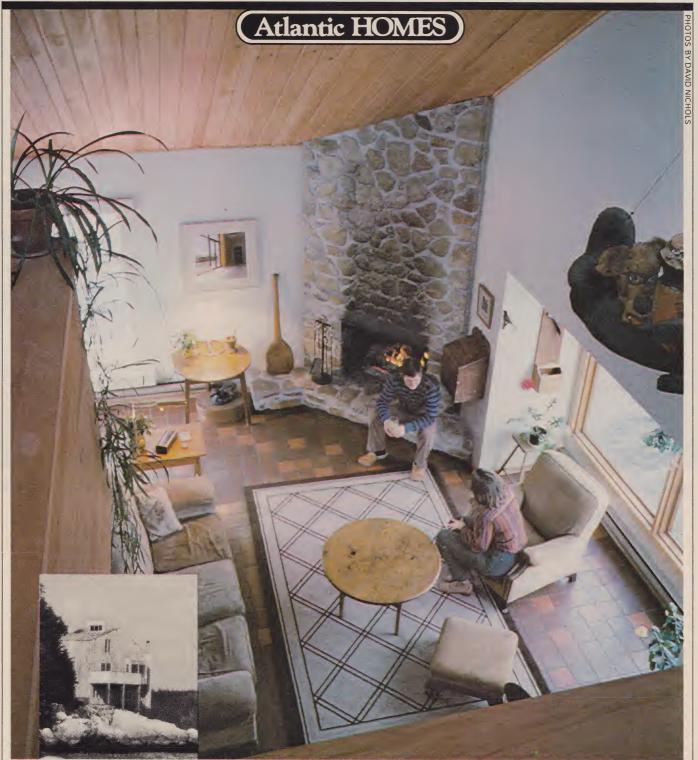
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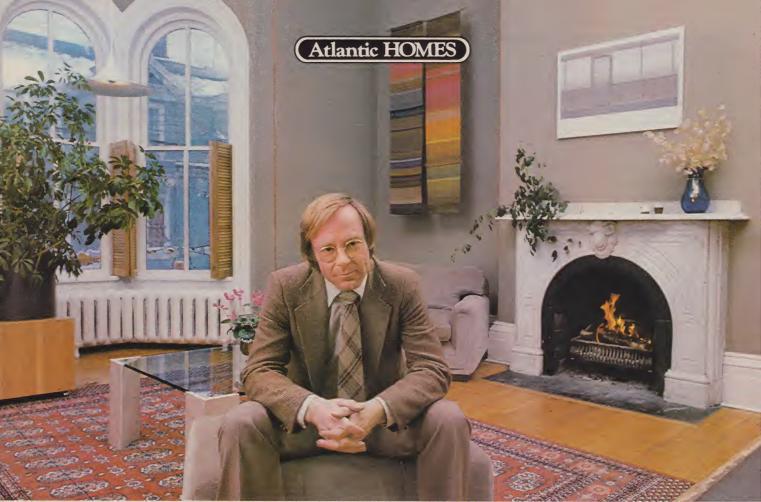
# ON THE ROCKS

You can talk to boat crews sailing past the front door

In winter, whales and seals cavort just outside the front doorstep. In summer, sailboats glide past the living-room window. The 2½-storey house, owned by Cheryl Tissington and Faisal Forhart, is perched on the rocks of Ferguson's Cove, just outside Halifax.

The couple started building on the 2.2-acre site in 1972, using as a foundation a concrete searchlight battery built in 1915. Living on the rocks, Tissington says, has turned out to be even better than the couple had expected. "The

house is built very strongly, so we don't suffer any extremes of weather." It's also tall and narrow, well insulated, and built on an open-area plan, so heating costs are fairly low. The key to building on such an unusual site, the couple say, is to have an architect design the house to suit the site; that can save you money in the long run. Halifax architect Aza Avramovitch designed the house, and Forhart, who runs a contracting company, did the construction on a pay-as-you-go basis.



Lynch in his living room: The money always runs out

# NEW LIFE FOR OLD HOMES Fixing up an old house can take years of labor and all your money. Here's how to make it worthwhile

Here's how to make it worthwhile

By Pat Lotz ver since he was a boy, Ron Cameron has been in love with a ■ 140-year-old house at Woodville Mills, P.E.I. It's a big, five-bedroom home with a summer kitchen and a winter kitchen and a massive front hall. and Cameron considers it the finest example of 19th-century wood-frame architecture on the Island. When he and his wife, Mary, finally were able to buy the house in 1976, it was "slightly beyond dilapidated," but he was determined to restore it completely to its original state. "We've been told by almost everybody that we're crazy to try and do it," Cameron says.

When the Camerons began the restoration, they set themselves a fiveyear timetable. The five years are up, and although they've finished the structural repairs, replaced the plumbing and heating systems, painted the outside

and completed four bedrooms and a bathroom, there's still a long way to go. "My problem," Cameron confesses ruefully, "is that I was such an optimist.'

Not everyone who buys an old house aims at such a complete restoration. Most people settle for making the house livable by modern standards without destroying its essential character. But whatever you decide to do with an old house, it takes time and money. Katherine and Gary McManus, a young St. John's, Nfld., couple figure they may turn grey by the time they finish renovating their 1893 house. Jeremy Taylor of Saint John, N.B., found that even doing the work himself, accurate restoration of 19-century features was a costly undertaking. And Lyndon Watkins of Halifax, who is restoring an 1856 house, warns novices to expect renovations to cost four times as much as they first estimate.

Still, throughout the Atlantic region, a growing number of home buyers are seeking out old houses instead of new ones, cheerfully investing all kinds of time, labor and love in buildings dating back a century or more. Some are people who've become disenchanted with the sameness of subdivision housing and with the everincreasing cost of commuting to urban jobs. Some admire the fine craftsmanship of an earlier day, or like the idea of creating a home while re-creating the past. Almost all share the same problem: Sooner or later, they run out of money.

"People always run out of money on renovations," warns Andrew Lynch, a Halifax architect who lives in a 19thcentury, Inglis Street townhouse he renovated and turned into a duplex. With this in mind, before starting on renovations early in the summer of





The Lynches' kitchen once had a seven-foot-high fireplace

1979, "we went out and bought the furniture and rugs we needed. We didn't want to run out of money sitting on orange crates on a bare floor.'

Andrew and his wife, Karen, had always admired the house with its elaborately carved keystones and window mouldings, its triple-arched bay window and cream-stuccoed masonry. Built in 1871, the house was in a good state of repair when they bought it but needed a new heating system, new



The Lynch fireplace before renovations

plumbing and new wiring. About half the walls and ceilings had to be redone. The Lynches hired carpenters and plasterers but did the gyprocing themselves. Even their elder child, Kerry, now 61/2, pitched in, helped to clean up after workmen at the end of the day. "You get so wrapped up in it," Karen says. Once Kerry and Robin, now 2, were settled for the night, "we often worked until midnight. You get hooked...it's hard to stop." Renovations took about six months and cost about \$40,000. In January, 1980, they finished the last major job—replacing of all but one of the windows with thermopane. Coowners Sheila Stevenson and Stephen Archibald live in the upper two-floor unit, reached by a graceful staircase that curves past alcoves in the wall. The Lynches occupy the ground floor and the basement, where their large, cheerful kitchen with fireplace is located. This summer, the owners will start transforming the backyard into a garden.

The Lynches started their renovation project with two advantages: Andrew was an architect and they had already renovated their previous home. If you're new to the game, you will first have to decide who's going to do the work.

You can hire an architect to super-

vise the whole project or simply produce working drawings. Or you can go directly to a contractor. If possible, check out the contractor with previous clients; if he's cheap but has never worked on an old house, he may be no bargain. Some contractors don't want to give a fixed price, preferring to work on a cost-plus basis: The price depends on his costs plus a percentage of the cost or a fixed fee. "Renovation work is extremely difficult to price," Lynch says. "Many contractors are not interested in this kind of work because of all the unknowns." You may decide to act as your own contractor, subcontracting to various tradesmen. Or you could decide to do everything yourself except jobs such as plumbing or wiring, which usually require a professional because of building regulations.

Before buying, get an expert to inspect the house to determine what work needs to be done. You can discover some of the more obvious and serious faults yourself. For example, large vertical cracks in the basement wall could mean a sinking foundation. So could doors and windows that don't line up squarely in their frames. Look for evidence of water penetration missing roof shingles, cracked or bent flashing (strips of metal covering roof

#### Renovating



Ron Cameron's 1841 house at Woodville Mills, P.E.I.

joints), inadequate gutter and downspouts, rotted sills, damp spots or water discoloration on interior walls,

peeling paint.

Allen Penney, a professor of architecture at Technical University of Nova Scotia, recommends professional help for structural problems—sagging roof, dropped foundations, bulges in the wall, deteriorated masonry, rot, timber joints sprung apart, long-term leaks with damage to walls. "If the structure is sound, but you are going to make some changes such as removing a wall, you are getting toward the end of the scale where an informed amateur can work," he adds. Superficial workscraping paint, stripping wallpaper, repairing cracks in plaster—almost anybody can handle.

The McManus home in St. John's—a 2½-storey house on Military Road—had problems that cried out for an expert's skill when Katherine and Gary McManus bought it five years ago. They had never tackled a job of that kind before, but they ended up doing all the renovations themselves, except for the plumbing and wiring. "We talked to people we knew who had done it, and then we hit the books," Katherine says. The house had been badly neglected for five years. The

McManuses replaced rotted sills, repaired the clapboard, stripped every wall inside down to the studs and rebuilt. Work slowed down when Katherine became pregnant, and with a young child around, it's still slow.

Unlike the McManuses, Lyndon Watkins had experience in restoration when he bought his twostorey house on Dresden Row in Halifax, so he was prepared for the "enor-mous amount of time" involved. Fire had gutted the wooden building, and before that, the house had been badly abused as a rooming house. But it was "fantastically strong, overbuilt," Watkins says. "That means the strength of the structure is greater than necessary to sustain the fabric of the house." First, Watkins had to jack up the house to repair the sinking foundation. Then he replaced the windows.



Except for the wiring and The Camerons: After five years, a long way to go

plumbing, he's doing the work himself. Now the living room—except for a few details—is finished. "Fix up one room so you have somewhere to sit," Watkins advises. "Of course, you won't have

any time to sit in it."

To get an idea what a renovation will cost, Watkins suggests, "think out what it will cost, double it, and then double it again." Andrew Lynch's ruleof-thumb is that renovation makes economic sense if the per-square-foot cost of buying and renovating is no higher than that of a new building. He estimates that his renovation cost \$10 a square foot, not including sweat equity (for example, the Lynches put up 200 sheets of gyproc). John Murray, a Halifax architect who specializes in restoration, spent about \$5 a square foot on his Brunswick Street home, "but that's very low," he says. The house was in good condition, and he still has the kitchen to do. He estimates that the cost of renovating two houses on Hollis Street will run about \$45 a square foot. They've been gutted, and he's installing circular staircases, mirrored walls and sunken tubs.

Alan Hall's 2½-storey house in the Heritage Conservation area of St. John's is a good example of a bargain in old houses. Like the McManus house, it was vacant for 15 years before Hall bought it in 1973. But it was in suprisingly good condition. Hall, who teaches English at Memorial University, did everything himself except the plumbing and wiring. The outside needed very little work—painting, replacement of some clapboard, repair of a few corbels. Inside, the job consisted mainly of "repairing cracked plaster and removing layer after layer of old wallpaper." Today the Cochrane Street house is worth at least five times what Hall paid for it. It's a fine example of local 19thcentury St. John's domestic architecture. It has a curved mansard roof with dormer windows, and the window and door mouldings are unusually ornate. Hall carefully restored the interior (the most intricate task was repairing the elegant ceiling moulding), but he couldn't resist one deviation. "I put in a large picture window on the third floor....There's a spendid view of the harbor and the Narrows.'

f you plan an authentic restoration, where duplication of old techniques is important, you may have touble finding the right craftsmen. Jeremy Taylor, a Saint John, N.B., accountant who is restoring a Victorian house, gives an example of the decline in workmanship today. "A section of clapboard would be set right up to the edge of a moulding," he says of the craftmanship of a century ago. "You could barely pass a hair between them.

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#### Renovating

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Taylor's house is one of several built in the 1860s by a wealthy ship-builder around the perimeter of his estate on Mount Pleasant, overlooking Saint John. Tall and narrow, with steep gable and elaborate decoration, it has 10 rooms, "a townhouse which didn't happen to be in a townhouse location." When he bought the house in 1970, Taylor made it livable by installing a

furnace and hot water heater and patching the roof. Then, "I sat for two years, reading, learning, deciding what to do." To restore the exterior to its original condition, Taylor decided he'd have to do the work himself, but it hasn't been cheap. "If you have to reproduce the surround of a window, say, you go to a lumber yard, and there's a \$50 fee for cutting the blade needed to follow the curve of the moulding." While restoring the house, Taylor also is making it "viable for the next 20 years"—install-

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ing fire and security alarms, intercom systems, remote control for lights. "If you've spent a lot of time and money repairing walls and mouldings," he says, "you don't want to tear it all out again to put in all this." He has been working steadily on the house for four years, and "sporadically before that."

Ron Cameron's first challenge was to find someone to rebuild the sandstone foundation of his house at Woodville Mills. No one on the Island could tackle the job, so he did it himself with the aid of masons he hired and trained. He still hasn't solved the problem of 28 windows that are too far gone to repair. Some have nine panes in the top half and six on the bottom; others are six over six. All have delicate mullions (vertical bars between panes), and Cameron hasn't been able to find someone locally who can reproduce the windows. He's also looking for a plasterer. "Besides the delicate mouldings, there's a real art to putting plaster on a

ceiling." There are contractors and workmen in the Atlantic region who haven't abandoned the old techniques. Cheryl Wright of Lunenburg Restorations in Mahone Bay, N.S., couldn't use power tools when she worked on an early 19th-century farmhouse at Big Lots, because there was no electricity. Laurie Zwicker, a carpenter from Nova Scotia's South Shore, loves working on old houses. "It's a challenge," he says. "No challenge in a new house-any Tom, Dick or Harry can do that." Of the various heritage organizations, only the St. John's Heritage Foundation maintains a list of contractors and tradesmen interested in working on old houses. The foundation also gives information and advice on restoration. In P.E.I., the Heritage Foundation has an architectural historian available for consultation once a week. In Saint John, the Heritage Trust hopes to start seminars on restoration.

Not everybody is enchanted with early workmanship. When Richard and Barbara Bird bought their 1788 fourroom stone house on the outskirts of Fredericton, N.B., they found shoddy alterations to walls and ceilings had been done in the 1840s and the workmanship in the four-room addition put up in the 1930s was "even worse." It all had to be torn out. Richard Bird designed a new addition himself, but "I hired a good carpenter who also acted as contractor." Bird worked with him half-days, although "anything that needed carpentry skills, he did." The Birds tried to recycle as much material as possible. When the chimneys were repaired, they saved the old bricks to

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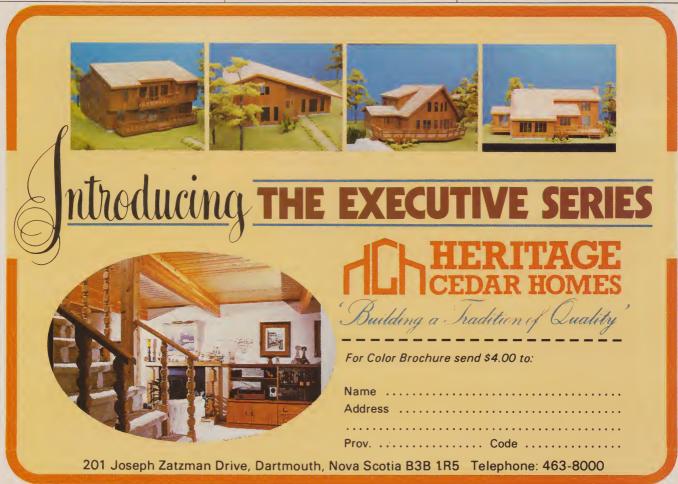
Recycled bricks rebuilt a bakeoven in the Birds' dining room

rebuild the bake oven. Pine boards from the attic were used to replace the badly abused floor in the living room.

Bird also insulated the house and added a vapor barrier. Insulation, Allen Penney says, is one area in which owners of old houses (especially wooden ones) should exercise caution. Old houses don't have vapor barriers to keep moisture from escaping from inside the house. This moisture normally evaporates in the space between inside and outside walls; when this space is filled with blown-in insulation,

the moisture is trapped and can rot the wood. Penney says the only safe way to insulate old houses is from the inside. You can install insulation and a vapor barrier when you're tearing out walls. You should also insulate the basement and roof, taking care to leave enough ventilated air space between the insulation and the roof. Potential moisture problems are one reason Penney advises against using synthetic siding on old houses. "It is virtually a vapor barrier on the outside," he warns. Moisture can eventually rot the wood behind the siding. Another problem is that synthetic siding destroys the architectural character of an old house by altering its scale and texture.

Jeremy Taylor concludes that there are three stages to a restoration project—initial enthusiasm, despair at realizing just what you have taken on, continuing to slog away. One way to avoid the despair stage is to plan and prepare yourself for the task. John Murray suggests living in the house and getting to know it before doing anything to it. "An old house to a restorer is like a canvas to a painter," he says, "it has a mind of its own." And, of course, a strong emotional commitment helps. Ron Cameron has no regrets about the mammoth project he has taken on. "It's all I ever wanted in a house," he says.





Lunenburg County blanket box, circa 1785, with original blue paint. Worth about \$250

# **ATLANTIC ANTIQUES**

Collecting antiques can be risky unless you know what you're doing. Here's how to start

By Marcia Ross

ome time between man's first walk
on the moon and the invention of
spinach salad, interesting changes
began to take place in our homes.
Plants appeared in dining-room windows, hung from dainty, home-made
macramé. Fashionable women hit the
streets wearing old clothes and nostalgic
smiles. And we began to gather in our
homes pieces of our rapidly disappearing past

Antique collecting, once an elitist sport, has become a public mania. It's a perilous situation. The value of antiques is rising at an astonishing rate, and people interested in acquiring them face a marketplace with few guidelines, fewer rules, complicated ethics and a staggering amount of information.

What is an antique, exactly? How can you tell if an antique is genuine? What characterizes antiques from the Atlantic region? Where can good ones be found? How much should they cost? Is stripping furniture a good thing? Do antiques mix well with modern furnishings? There probably are more uncertainties, inconsistencies, myths and mistakes in the antique market than in any other. But that's part of

what makes antique collecting fascinating.

Many people would argue that the best (or most interesting) antiques in Canada come from the Atlantic provinces. It's somewhat ironic that many of us tend to think that an antique is something that looks as though it came from England in, say, 1650, or Boston in 1910. That's a bit like living in a hotbed and eating only California greenhouse tomatoes.

We have drop-leaf tables in various types of wood, one- and two-drawer stands, parlor tables, stretcher-base harvest tables, banquet tables, extension tables, dining chairs with cane or wooden seats, ladder-back chairs, Windsor chairs, captains' chairs, children's chairs, ordinary kitchen chairs, chair-tables. We have blanket boxes, candlestands, chests of drawers, cottage chests, wall boxes, desks, apothecaries and cupboards. There also are furnishings and hundreds of accessory items.

You have to cultivate an ability to see quality in a piece. Many important-looking pieces are actually 1950 American reproductions of European styles. True Atlantic Canadian pieces are often (but not always) characterized by being



Pine pedestal parlor table, circa 1840, found in New Brunswick. Worth about \$350

made at least partly of pine and often painted in the old milk-based colors—red, red-brown, blue, mustard, green. Sometimes you can find a piece with grained painting. If the grained decoration is in good condition and was executed with style or imagination, these pieces can be very special. Generally, the Atlantic style of construction is simple, restrained, sometimes austere, but usually exuding a sensual or whimsical quality, as can be easily seen in the imaginative bedpost turnings in early Nova Scotia beds.

One can't make too many generalizations about our antiques. Articles that turn up in local shops and shows that are 100 years or older were made



#### Atlantic Antiques

in a time when individuality was unavoidable. Each piece carries its own secret. How can a beginner possibly

know where to begin?

You can learn a great deal by reading. Anyone interested in starting to collect antiques should subscribe to an antiques magazine and read a good introductory book. Publications available in this region include: Canadian Antiques and Arts Review, published in Halifax 10 times a year; Pastimes, published in Halifax monthly; The Canadian Collector, published in Toronto. Two re-

make a few inexpensive purchases (for example, a letter box, a waffle iron, a jug, a small table) and find out as much as you can about the article you are buying. Give yourself time to live with your purchases and do comparisons. You can't easily compare prices on antiques because the value of a piece is affected by several variables: Age, condition at time of sale, material, maker, place of origin and "character." You'll need time to establish a standard, and you achieve that only by experience. Establishing a relationship of trust also



Typical Lunenburg County Table, circa 1870. Original paint. About \$250

cently published books that look promising are Trash or Treasure by Andrea Dinoto and Cathy Cashion, and Antique Household Gadgets and Appliances by David deHaan. Serious furniture collectors should look at Cabinetmakers of the Eastern Seaboard by Charles Foss.

There are several ways of getting first-hand exposure to antiques—some safer than others. One of the best is to attend the Maritime Antique Dealers' Association Show held twice a year (spring and fall) in Halifax. This is a tightly regulated, somewhat highbrow show, but an excellent source of information for the novice, who can compare everything from prices and personalities to paint and patina. It also can be a lot of fun to go to the shopping mall shows. Other ways to educate yourself: Visit local shops, galleries and museums. Attend auctions (without your purse). Check the newspapers for private sales and special events. Try the flea markets. Don't buy much of anything for a while. You'll learn what you like, what suits your home environment, what you can afford and what's genuine. This last prerequisite is a bit tricky.

It helps to learn whom to trust and what kinds of articles are easy to resell. One way to get to know a dealer is to



Annapolis Royal area chest, circa 1860. Original parts, but refinished. About \$450

takes time.

Once you find one or two dealers you trust, you may want to concentrate on collecting a certain type of antique. You can acquire accessory items (much more plentiful than good furniture) such as a selection of Nova Scotia redware pottery, New Brunswick jugs, quilts from several provinces, handhooked mats or graniteware. You can buy most of these for under \$50.

Buying antique furniture is not so

simple. Getting to know antique furniture is a bit like getting to know used cars. Purists don't consider an antique piece original unless it has no replaced parts. Some dealers consider up to 25% acceptable; original furniture is getting harder and harder to come by, and restoration saves many damaged pieces. As far as investment goes, it is obviously unwise to purchase a substantially altered piece.

The question of stripping is controversial. Many dealers have had to remove the finish from furniture that was overpainted or had an original coat of finish that was either damaged beyond restoration or just plain ugly. Stripping can mean bringing the piece back to its original finish, but there is still a heavy demand for what is mistakenly called "natural" furniture. Much of this type is stripped by a lye bath that destroys the molecular structure of the wood. This raises the grain and exhausts the piece of any patina. Fortunately, few dealers resort to putting their furniture through this process. And a growing segment of the population in eastern Canada recognizes that a "true" piece is more esthetic.

Still, there are many pieces of furniture, particularly overpainted hardwoods that were never decorated in the first place (or some pine furniture beyond saving) that benefit from careful refinishing. Talk to an expert about this before you buy—preferably an expert you can trust, not someone who

just knows how to sell.

One interesting way to get involved with furniture is to narrow your focus. Why not try collecting only pieces originating from a certain county, for instance? A century or more ago, furniture makers created distinctly different styles in different parts of each province.

Always ask yourself these important questions when choosing a piece of furniture: Is it genuine? Does it have a spirit or personality of its own? Will it contribute something to your home or apartment? Is it interesting enough to

give lasting pleasure?

Antique collecting may not be as easy as we once thought. Antiques are no longer cheap. They're becoming increasingly sought after as tangible investments and treasures. But collecting them can be fun, and it can be a rewarding experience to become more familiar with objects linking us to our past. Our antiques, which are being snapped up by collectors in the United States and Ontario, are one of the best records we have of our history. It's not a bad idea to place some of that history in our homes.

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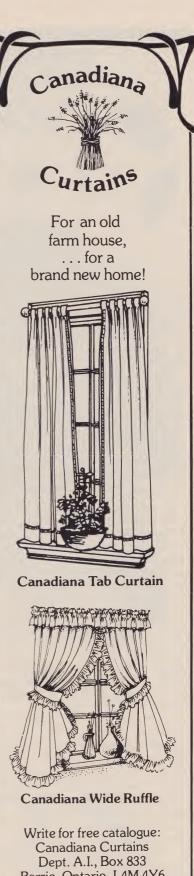
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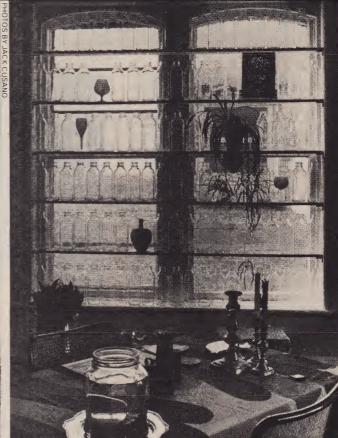


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The landlord won't let you tear out walls, install a skylight in the ceiling or paint the walls purple. So how do you put your personal stamp on an apartment without investing much money? Start by buying items that are either cheap enough to throw away eventually or flexible enough to be recycled in your next home. Norma Coleman, who teaches an interior decorating course at Mount St. Vincent University in Halifax, says buying fabric is one of the best investments you can make. "It's not that expensive, you can always take it with you when you move, and it's flexible."

For example, she says, you can cover an entire wall with fabric. Tack wooden slats to the wall, and staple fabric or patterned sheets to the slats. (Wet the fabric before stretching it over the wall.) Another way of getting rid of blank, white walls or disguising an awkward window: Hang fabric from a drapery rod that extends over an entire wall.

For a simple, cheap wall hanging, buy a slab of Styrofoam; cover it with a square of fabric, perhaps printed in an unusual design.

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Windows don't necessarily need drapes, which can be expensive and may not fit the windows of your next home. Consider a folding screen in front of a window. It can be freestanding (and easily moved) or attached to a wall. Shutters make an interesting effect relatively cheaply—if you can find them ready-made in a size that fits your window. Roman shades are especially economical if you make them yourself. They use much less fabric than traditional drapes, so you may be able to invest in expensive fabric.

Halifax architect Kent Hurley installed shelves over his dining-room windows, which overlook a neighbor's brick wall. He lined the shelves with a collection of old glass milk bottles and delicate, handpainted glassware. They act as a screen but let the light in.

To divide a room into two distinct areas, consider a variation of another of Hurley's ideas: Suspend from the ceiling a hanging to about eye level. For example, you could use stained glass panels, a handwoven textile, or maps, photographs or prints in a glass frame. This defines a space and can make a long, narrow room look wider; the eye is drawn outward, around the hanging.

Another way of creating an illusion is with mirrors, as Halifax law professor John Yogis does above the table in his tiny dining nook. The mirrors add depth and atmosphere.

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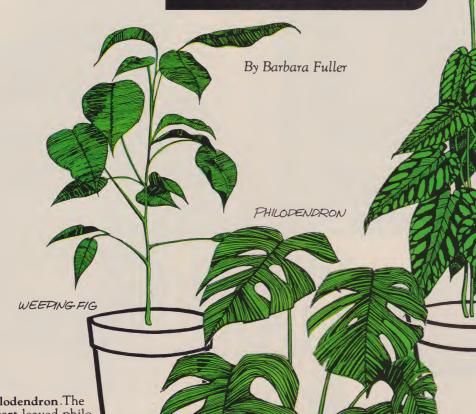


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Ivies. Probably the easiest and bestliked ivies are the grape, English and Swedish. The grape ivy has rich, green, three-part leaves with a nice bit of fuzz on the underside. For rapid growth, it likes very bright light, lots of warmth, constant moisture and frequent feed-

ings. To encourage bushy growth, snip off the new little stems that shoot off in all directions. Most ivies look their best cascading from hanging containers and are easily propagated from stem cuttings. The English ivies are exceptionally easy to grow. Give them plenty of bright light, temperatures

BEGONIA TREEBINE

between 50°F. and 60°F., and a moist soil. Watch out for red spider mites. Wash the foliage in warm sudsy water once a week(rinsing well) to keep the spiders away, and don't overfeed (once every four months). Keep the lush, green foliage of your Swedish ivy out of direct sunlight, and don't let the night temperature fall below 60° F. One of the most colorful climbing plants is the begonia treebine, with its purple, violet and silver markings. Keep it on the dry side; don't give it too much light.

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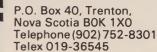


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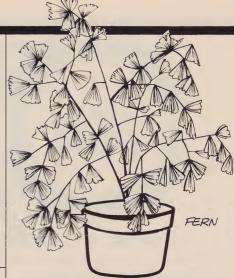


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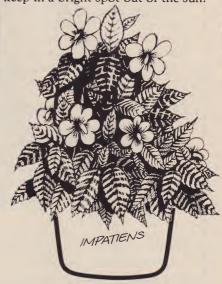
weeping fig weeps mostly leaves for the first few months. It's going through a period of adjustment to its new surroundings and will eventually stabilize. It likes sun or bright, indirect light, temperatures in the upper 60s, and a constantly moist soil. Go light on the feeding; every six months is enough.

Spider Plant is a flashy plant that anyone can grow easily and successfully. The variegated one is the showiest with its foot-long leaves striped with white and its shower of fluffy spiders. Browning of the leaves can be a problem, but making certain the soil is moist at all times is a good preventative. Use rain



water, as the fluorides in tap water can cause the tips to brown. Hang your basket in bright, indirect light.

Ferns can be a bit of a challenge. The popular maidenhair fern, with its wispy clouds of half-inch pea-green leaves requires a high degree of warmth and humidity. Use a soil high enough in organic matter (peat moss or leaf mould) to hold the moisture efficiently. The soil should be constantly wet to keep the fronds from turning brown at the edges. Place a maidenhair fern in the shade of a north window, never in full sun, and feed sparingly, about twice a year. The most exotic of the ferns is the staghorn. The fronds are large and antler-like and hang from the base of the plant. Feed with a liquid fertilizer at least once a month, and keep in a bright spot out of the sun.



Impatiens or patience plant is one of the happiest, brightest and easiest of the flowering houseplants. It comes in the brightest of colors—pink, red, orange, purple, gold or multicolors—and for a cascade of brilliance should be potted in hanging containers. It likes bright, indirect light, temperatures above 60°F., and a moist soil. A hungry plant, it should be fed every two weeks.



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So the Russells installed a Jetstream. And the revolution began. They feel safe and secure with their Jetstream. Creosote build-up in their chimney is a thing of the past, because wood is burned completely and cleanly in the Jetstream.

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A convenient feature of the Jetstream system is its heat storage. Heat is stored for their

home for hours or days and used only when needed. The Jetstream even provides hot water, and it is an ideal complement to the solar system they are planning.

Their Jetstream helps them economically, too. They now use less wood to heat their entire home. And they've practically eliminated their dependence on oil. This year the Russells are actually looking forward to winter.

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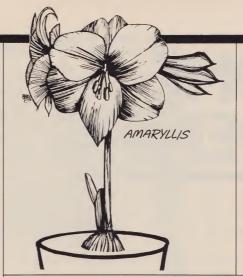


Petunia is not often considered a houseplant, but it is one of the simplest and showiest of them all. If you have them in your garden or window box (the cascade types are the best) dig one up before frost, cut it back to about four inches, hang it in any window, and you will have continuous bloom for the best part of a year or longer. It goes on and on provided you feed it every two weeks and let the soil become slightly dry between thorough waterings.

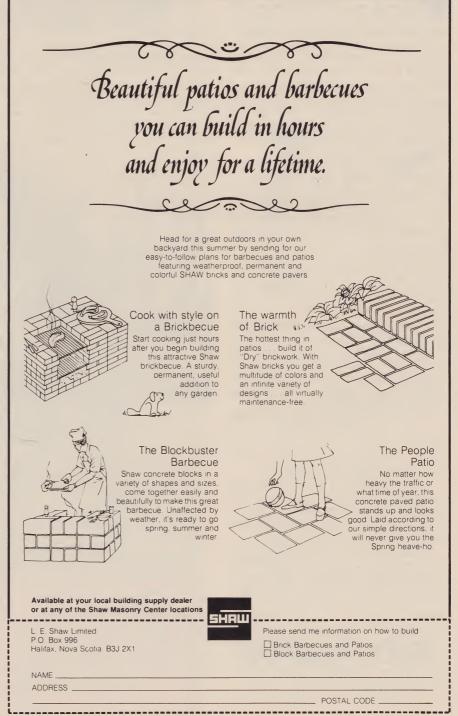


Geraniums, among the most popular flowering house plants, require all the sunshine you can provide. Given a good south-facing window, December cuttings will start to bloom in early February and carry through to November. They like a cool temperature, in the 50s at night and up to 70 during the day. Digging them from the garden in the fall and bringing them inside is usually not successful. It's best to grow them from seed or start them from cuttings. Cuttings form roots in about one month and start blooming in two. Often, you can buy inexpensive, tiny seed-started plants from a nursery.

Amaryllis grows from a huge bulb that produces blooms as exciting and dramatic as you'll find anywhere. The bigger the bulb, the bigger the blooms.



With proper care, it will flower year after year. The flower stalk grows first (usually two), and the leaves come later. Each stalk produces four to six large, lily-like blossoms in marvellous shades of red, pink, white, scarlet and orange. Don't plant the bulb in a large pot. Use one that is about two inches larger than the bulb, and leave the bulb about half-way out of the soil. Water sparingly until the first signs of growth, then keep the soil moist, feed once a month, and place the plant where it will have at least half a day of sunshine. Bulbs, sold at most garden outlets, start at \$6 each.



# HOME GARDENING

Outwitting the short growing season: Harvest tomatoes in July, cucumbers in February and flowers all year round

By Barbara Fuller aul Brunelle grows cacti that bloom so magnificently, his friends often gather for a party in his backyard greenhouse in Dartmouth, N.S., when a plant is about to burst into flower. Doug Miller and Denise Reiser of Melville, P.E.I., harvest salad vegetables in midwinter in a greenhouse that also helps keep their house warm and fragrant. John Knowles of Dartmouth produces huge crops of tomatoes as early as July and without an ounce of soil.

Throughout the region, home gardeners are using their ingenuity to overcome a common problem: A woefully short growing season. How do you harvest tomatoes before the first frost hits them? How do you capture heat and light during a sunless, cold February so those early seedlings will pop, or those tropical houseplants will bloom and grow? "It's the home gardener, the little guy, who is the real innovator when it comes to home gardening," says Dennis Baxter, who runs a nursery in Sackville, N.S. "What the high-paid technologists keep saying won't work is being done with increasing frequency and a good deal of success right in our neighbors' basements, kitchen windows and lean-tos."

Even apartment dwellers, Baxter says, are producing surprisingly large crops in window boxes and on balconies—lettuce, radish, cherry tomatoes, even English cucumbers.

Experiments with greenhouses range from the simple, \$100 plastic shelter in the backyard to solar models that open off living rooms to contractor-built units costing thousands of dollars.

Paul Brunelle built his eight-by-14-foot greenhouse beside his basement four years ago; at the time, the materials cost about \$400. It's made of fibreglass panels lined with polyethylene, which ensures a good dead air space for insulation. With the help of two electric cables under the soil to back up the heat from the sun that accumulates in the soil on sunny days, he's able to keep the greenhouse well above 40° F. all winter. To help cover his electricity

bill, he sells close to \$500 worth of plants a year.

Cacti are ideal for a winter greenhouse, he says, because of their long dormant period of two to three months when temperatures are kept low and no watering is required. In early spring, when they burst into bloom, the blaze of color is nothing short of miraculous. Brunelle has a collection of about 1,000 plants—more than 200 species. One variety of night-blooming cereus produces a foot-wide, pure white flower



Brunelle with one of 1,000 plants

once a year for only a few hours. "And the scent," says Brunelle, "is something you wouldn't believe. It fills the greenhouse." When he suspects it's about to bloom, he invites friends over to watch. He photographs the blooms, soaks up the scent and "then I go to bed happy."

Ray Bowditch built a greenhouse to open off the living room of his Halifax home, but because of rising heating costs, he closes it for the three coldest months. Then he moves his garden to the basement, where seedlings and cuttings flourish under tubular lights, with a timing device to simulate normal growing hours. His geraniums are a neighborhood showpiece and his major interest, but there's also always something fresh for a salad under the lights. Mustard and watercress are the easiest to grow, he says; there's also lettuce.

radish, parsley, chard and all kinds of herbs. He grows tomatoes from seed, and when most people are just setting out their plants, the Bowditches are biting into their first red tomatoes.

Doug Miller and Denise Reiser built their 18-by-eight-foot solar greenhouse on the south side of their log house in eastern P.E.I. The greenhouse, backed by a wood stove, keeps the house at a fairly constant 70° F. and supports the makings of lots of winter salads, flowering plants and cucumbers that they market locally. "You have to read and learn, do a lot of research and digging, to design and build a greenhouse that really works," says Reiser. "It can act as a heat drain if it's not designed correctly. You don't go to a contractor and say build me one. You pretty well have to do it yourself." Reiser and Miller cut their own lumber, stretched five Tedlar panels over a tubular steel frame, insulated the greenhouse well and angled it to catch the maximum sun in March and September, when the sun slants at 45 degrees. The total cost came to about \$1,000.

"The greenhouse makes a very healthy atmosphere throughout the house," Reiser says. "A house built of logs tends to be very dry, and the humidity is badly needed. And a special bonus is the ever-present fragrance of

flowers.'

John Knowles harvests his first crop of tomatoes at the end of July, and his yield, he says, is about three times as large as that of most gardeners. About three years ago, he started experimenting with hydroponic (soilless) gardening, after researching the subject in the library. In a small, plastic lean-to, he has installed two hydroponic tanks that give him a planting area of 20-by-80 inches. In early May, he starts his plants in a bed of sterilized gravel. Automatic pumps flood the tanks three times a day with water enriched by a commercial, balanced nutrient he buys from a Toronto supplier. When the plants get too tall (they grow about eight feet), he strips off the lower leaves and lowers the vine about two feet. In winter, he fills pots with perlite and grows plants such as begonias and flowering succulents in nutrient-rich water on his window sills.

Hydroponically grown plants, he says, require minimal care. "You can go away for two or three weeks without worrying about watering them." It can cost you anywhere from \$2 to \$200 to get started in hydroponic growing, he says. Double 16-by-24-inch automated tanks cost about \$170; if you add growing lights, it means another \$100. Or you can simply place your plants in gravel in ordinary flower pots and feed

them at regular intervals.



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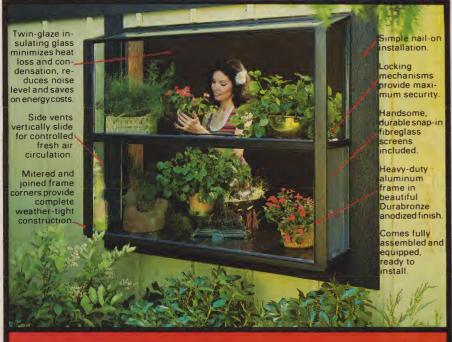
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Dorrell: Heating a home for less than \$300 a year

### CUTTING ENERGYSO SIN COSTS SEC

Solar heating can be simple and cheap. The secret: Windows facing south and good insulation

By Martin Dorrell n our community, it's referred to as "that solar house," a phrase that evokes images of a bizarre building equipped with expensive solar collectors and costing thousands of dollars more than an ordinary home.

The truth is, our four-bedroom, two-storey house was cheaper to build—less than \$40,000—than other houses of comparable size. The heating system is very simple. And our fuel costs are less than \$300 a year.

What makes our house different from most others being built in Atlantic Canada? First, the planning that's gone into it to make it energy efficient. It faces south, toward the sun, as do almost all the windows. That means that even on the coldest of bright winter days, the sun, pouring through double-glazed windows, provides most

of the heat. Once the sun disappears, of course, the windows also allow heat to escape, so we use insulated curtains to trap the warm air inside. In summer, the eaves and a two-foot overhang between storeys prevent the higher sun from frying us.

The keys to keeping the heat where we want it are good insulation and the continuous vapor barrier that surrounds the living area of the house like

a large envelope.

We moved into our cosy new home in Mill Cove, P.E.I., in 1979. We'd become interested in investing in an energy-efficient home after surviving winters in some of the Island's older farmhouses. A few years ago, renting an older home a few minutes' drive from Charlottetown—at a cost of less than \$200 a month—seemed like a good housing bargain. After living in



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three of them, the charm was gone, and so was a good portion of our savings. Our monthly oil bills were higher than the rent, and we still awoke to broken water pipes and room temperatures barely above the freezing mark.

That sent us shopping for land and, eventually, to the office of a sympathetic architect. That was the best move we made. We had attempted to draw our own plans for a reasonably small energy-efficient home built into a south-facing slope. But the crude doodles we produced had all the earmarks of a fuel-guzzling monstrosity. An architect with some experience in building energy-efficient houses, or advice from the local Enersave office,

can save both money and headaches.

Our house is built on a slope, with only one level exposed on the north side, so virtually the entire building (almost 1,500 square feet) is living space. People building on ground level must wrestle with the question of whether to include a basement. David Bergmark and Ole Hammarlund of Solsearch Inc., the architects who designed our house, advise those who build a basement to insulate it very well. Even if it never becomes living space, it won't drain heat from the rest of the house.

The walls of most houses are built with two-by-four studs placed every 16 inches. The Arkansas framing method used in our house employs two-by-six studs every 24 inches. This reduces lumber and installation costs and leaves more space for extra insulation. The insulation in the walls is R20, in the ceiling R40 and along the foundation R20. Bergmark and Hammarlund recommend even higher levels today. Now insulation is sold in R28 batts, so they suggest R56 in the ceiling and R28 in the walls.

The four-mil polyethylene vapor barrier, combined with the insulation, eliminates drafts. None of the electrical wiring penetrates that barrier, so cold air can't seep through electrical outlets. The effectiveness of the barrier is only as good as the installation, however. It pays to stay on the building site during that critical period, especially when gyproc walls are being put in place.

"The name of the game in gyprocing," Bergmark says, "is that you pay by the square foot of installed gyproc. The first thing that a gyprocer often does is come in with his hatchet and whack each stud right through the vapor barrier so that he knows where to put the nails in his gyproc. While he's doing that, some guy is coming along with a saw and cutting around the window casings. So he's effectively cut your vapor barrier all around your window. It's that trade that's particu-

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#### Energy

larly at fault."

Our heating system consists of a combination of wood and propane. An airtight wood range in the kitchen on the lower level cooks our meals in winter, heats our water and provides us with direct heat as well as hot water for the baseboard heating system. A propane hot water tank sits immediately above the stove on the second floor. This 40-gallon tank connects with water pipes leading to and from a water jacket in the stove.

Bergmark explains it best. "You have a pipe connecting the bottom of the tank up top to the bottom of the jacket, and a pipe connecting the top of the jacket to the top of that tank. And the cold water falls in that tank, it's heated in the water jacket, and that hot water rises back to the tank." An electric pump, controlled by thermostats on each floor, circulates the water through the conventional baseboard system. When we're away for long periods in the winter or are out of wood, we can switch to propane. In summer, we cook on a counter-top propane range. An electric back-up

That's the theory and, in practice, it works quite well. The first winter, the stove wasn't in use until December and the water jacket wasn't in place until February. But we heated the house with only two cords of hardwood and a cord of softwood and spent about \$200 on propane over the season. This past winter our wood consumption increased somewhat but we rarely touched our propane supply. And although I can't supply all my own wood and prices are soaring, I'd rather use a renewable resource and put the money

system might be as economical in some

parts of Atlantic Canada.

into local hands.

We've learned a few lessons. We rarely use the baseboard heating and could have cut our costs by installing less of it. The lower level is open and the heat circulates well directly from the stove. Since the stove is next to the stairwell, heat flows easily upstairs. This is a mixed blessing, since following a couple of nights of record-breaking temperatures combined with severe winds from the north, unused pipes upstairs froze. And that proves that inattention to detail (especially when installing insulation) will cost more in the long run.

The air in older homes is dry in winter, but because our house is wrapped in insulation and a vapor barrier, condensation is the problem. When the house cools overnight, water forms on the windows. This evaporates when the heat from the sun and the

stove go to work, but sometimes we have to wipe the windows and clear the sills of mildew. A heat exchanger, which vents moisture out of the house and warms the incoming air, is the

long-term solution.

Many of the design features which work so well in our house can be applied in older homes. Bergmark suggests tearing out the interior walls, which often need replacing anyway, and then applying as much insulation as possible before installing a vapor barrier. Rather than buying replacement windows, which may destroy the appearance of the house, buy or build wood-frame storm windows. Finally, an oil furnace safely combined with an airtight wood stove should keep fuel bills within reason.

That wood cook range makes our house look more like grandma's than a home ahead of its time. And we're so happy with the results that we may still be living in it when we're grandparents ourselves.

# ENERGY TIPS



f you want to save energy in your home, think insulation. "Effective insulation is where it all starts," says D.R. Barteaux of the Nova Scotia Power Corp., "whether you heat by oil, propane or electricity, or whether you plan to apply passive solar heating techniques, wood stoves or other non-traditional energy systems."

As an example of how insulation can save money in the long run, Prince Edward Island's Enersave office estimates that installing \$640 worth of R30 insulation in an attic would save about \$320 a year in heating costs. (The ability of an insulating product to resist heat is measured as resistance, or "R"-value. Products with low R-values

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#### Energy

have poor resistance qualities, resulting in high heat loss.) Insulating a basement to R7, at a cost of \$385, would save \$240 a year. Insulating walls to R12, at a cost of \$1,000, would save \$225.

The amount of insulation that can be justified by fuel saving, the Enersave office says, depends

on the kind of fuel you burn. Recommended minimum levels: If you heat



Other energy saving tips:

Windows and doors: Seal air leaks

around windows, doors and frames using weatherstriping and caulking.
Furnace: Have your furnace serviced and tuned annually (thus saving about \$65 a year in fuel costs). Change furnace filters monthly; keep air registers and radiators free of obstructions. Keep the blower blades, chimney and flue pipe clear of dirt and soot.

Fireplaces: Make sure the damper closes

Fireplaces: Make sure the damper closes tightly. When not in use, plug the flue with a wad of insulation. If you want to heat with wood, consider a high-efficiency fireplace or an air-tight wood stove. Refrigerators: They use more energy a year than any other major household appliance. In the average four-member household, for instance, a frost-free refrigerator-freezer would cost about \$10.80 a month to operate (based on 8 cents per kilowatt hour). When setting the temperature dial, put an ordinary outdoor thermometer inside the fridge, making sure the thermometer doesn't touch the wall or anything stored inside. The temperature should be in the range of 34°F. to 37°F. Cover all foods being refrigerated, especially liquids; moisture drawn into the air forces the motor to work harder. Don't overcrowd shelves: never line them with foil. Clean the condensor coils at the back or bottom of the appliance at least once a year.

Oven and Stove: Cook with as little water as possible; small amounts heat more quickly. Water boils faster when covered. Turn down the heat as soon as the liquid reaches the boiling stage. If you have a choice, use stove-top burners for foods that cook quickly and the oven for those that take a long time; stove-top units consume less energy, but ovens retain heat for prolonged periods. Copper and stainless steel cookware generally require lower heat than aluminum. When you bake in glass or ceramic dishes, try slightly lower oven temperatures. Small appliances such as toasters, electric frypans and crockpots consume less energy than an electric range.

Hot water: Turn the thermostat on the water heater down to 120°F. Insulate long runs of water pipe, especially in

cool basements.

To give you some idea how much energy various household appliances consume, here are some estimates of monthly average kilowatt-hour use in a four-member household: Dishwasher, 40; range, 100; dryer (16 hours), 90; automatic washer, 5; chest freezer, 119; stereo, 11; radio, 4; color television, 60; standard 30-gallon water heater, 480; double blanket, 10; coffee percolator, 3; kettle, 11; toaster, 3; 100-watt lamp, 9; vacuum cleaner, 3; water pump, 23.





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#### **Education**

## Do hypnotists belong in our schools?

Peggy Smith doesn't think so. Neither do a lot of psychiatrists. But Ontario hypnotist James Damant is still in demand at schools all over the Maritimes. And Peggy Smith is out of a job

eggy Smith's one-woman protest against stage hypnotism in Maritime schools this year has cost her a teaching career, a prize new Renault car and, possibly, her home. She says she has no regrets. "There's been more fuss over the hypnotist issue this year by my resigning than there ever was last year by my complaining," she says. "But the only real way to remedy the situation is to educate teachers and parents to the fact that stage hypnosis has no place in the school system."

Smith, a 45-year-old art teacher and a single mother of four grown children, put herself out of a job in February when she resigned from the staff of Simonds High School in Saint John to protest a school performance by Ontario hypnotist James Damant.

Damant is a self-taught hypnotist who has developed a school assembly program in the Maritimes in the past few years. Early in each performance, he delivers a brief warning to students about the harmful mind-control techniques of cults. This has helped open doors for him to more than 130 schools in New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and to almost every high school on Prince Edward Island. Each student pays a \$1 admission charge, and money collected over Damant's flat fee (\$500 to about \$750 a show) goes to school projects.

With his black patent shoes, shimmering lame jacket and goatee, Damant projects an air of mysticism from the moment he walks onstage. Then he sifts the audience for the handful of students who will become the stars of the show. He encourages students to take part with promises that hypnosis will enhance concentration powers, improve athletic ability and cure a variety of bad habits from smoking to stuttering.

Damant acknowledges that hypnotism could be detrimental to emotionally unstable people, or to students who could relive the terrors of a traumatic childhood while under hypnotic regression (used in his program). But he says hypnotism is a skill anyone can learn. "Anyone who wants to learn hypnotism can read up on it, practise and gradually improve their technique.

It came fairly easy to me."

In Europe, stage hypnotism is illegal, and the American Medical Association and American Psychiatric Association have condemned the use of hypnosis for entertainment. In 1961, Ontario passed legislation severely restricting hypnotism on stage. Dr. John Stanley, a Saint John psychiatrist, argues that hypnotism is "a form of artificially produced hysteria. No one should be subjected to it without informed consent, or in the case of children, parental consent."

Saint John school superintendent Earle Wood says the school board has no policy regulating the kinds of activities permitted in the schools. "These decisions are left to the wisdom of the principals," he says. "The hypnotist is usually brought in as a special attraction with both entertainment and educational value, to kick off a winter carnival or the like." The board does not require parental consent for participation by students in the hypnotism shows, although schools usually request parents to approve such activities as field trips by school bus. "Parental consent forms would make parents aware of the situation." Wood says, "but we don't insist on them because, in this case, the school is still legally responsible for the students during school hours.'

Peggy Smith says she was "dumbfounded" by plans to have Damant stage a show at the school. "I know that hypnotism practised for entertainment is quite questionable," she says. "It's against Christian ethics, and I was amazed that it would be permitted in the school." She says she wanted to present a slide show to her class during the two-hour period Damant was to appear at the assembly, but she wasn't allowed to keep her students from the hypnotism show. "When I approached the principal, he insisted that the hypnotist was school policy and must be supported," she says. "I had no choice but to resign.'

Simonds High principal John Mowry says the assembly and Smith's resignation are "a private matter." He has already invited Damant to return next year. In the past, the school board

has taken a neutral stance on the hypnotism issue. Parents complaining about the practice are immediately referred to individual schools. The Saint John Teachers' Association has never discussed the issue, president Allan Nelson says.

School superintendent Wood says the board "will definitely be sitting down and taking a good, hard look [at hypnotism] for the future." So will the Department of Education. Harvey Malmberg, deputy minister of Education (English), says he had been unaware hypnotism shows were taking place during school hours. "The potential for harm here is great," he says. "I've taken enough psychology to know that this is a matter of very serious concern....You can be sure that this is going to cause a lot of ripples right down the line." — Carolyn Beattie



Smith: Concern cost job

# Special Report

# Jackie Vautour wants his land back. And his name

Ten years ago, he was a quiet New Brunswicker who made his living from the land. Today, he's a living legend, an Acadian folk hero battling the police, the courts and the government

Vautour and wife with children and grandchildren: Robin Hood and Maid Marion

By Jon Everett

inda is 11. She wears her parka because it is cold at night in the shack where she lives. Her parents ask her to demonstrate her ability to read in two languages. She places a Grade 11 textbook on a table dimly lit by a kerosene lamp and reads aloud flawlessly in French. Next she takes a leaf of paper on which she has written an English composition about the time her family lived in a fancy motel. Her sentences, in most cases, are constructed correctly. "The tear-gas bomb exploded in my brother's face." "My father had one boot on and was trying to find the other one when they came in and got him." "The cops busted the door down, but my brother had a chair and pushed them out." "They threw my little sister into the snow." "They caught my mother and choked her." Her parents beam approvingly. Linda, after all, dropped out of school in Grade 2.

Jackie Vautour, the living legend, is Linda's father. It is daytime now and he is in a shack across the road sitting on a sawed-off tree trunk under a picture of Jesus. "I don't want to buy any furniture because of what they did to us back in '76. We don't know when the government will come again and smash it all and take it all away."

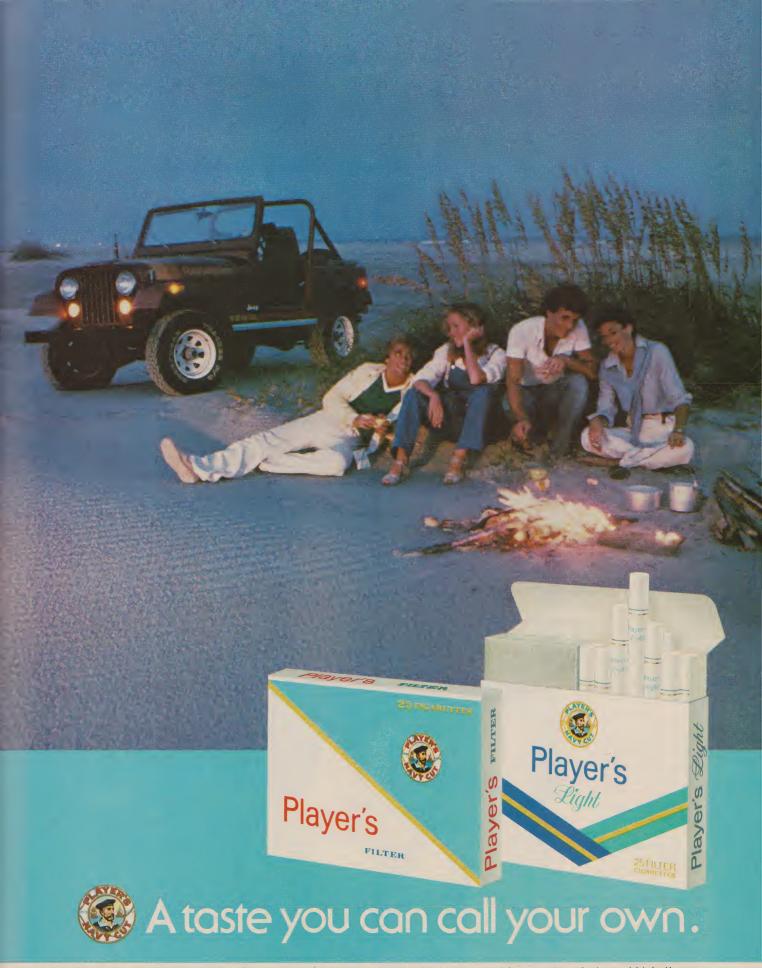
Altogether, Vautour has built four particle-board shanties along the highway that runs through Kouchibouguac National Park in eastern New Brunswick between Moncton and Chatham. The shanties, two on either side of the road, are each no larger than a living room in a normal-sized house. For the past two years, they have been home to 52-year-old Jackie, his wife, Yvonne,



Vautour: "Not a rogue, not an outlaw"



ATLANTIC INSIGHT, MAY 1981



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#### 



Vautour's particle-board home: Refusing to recognize the expropriation of his land

and most of their nine children. In each are a wood stove, bunk beds and a few sticks of shabby furniture; in hers, Yvonne has a full kitchen stove in which she bakes bread, and a water pump. Outside are swings for the youngsters, Linda and Rachel, 8, and picnic tables. Vautour built the shanties on the site of his former homestead which the provincial government bull-dozed under in 1976. Vautour refuses to recognize that his 114 acres of land including 10 cleared acres and 1½ miles of riverfront were expropriated in 1970 to make way for the park.

Vautour can't tell you why he said he would never abandon his property when the man from the government scribbled \$12,100 on a scrap of paper back in 1970. Perhaps it was because the offer was so insultingly low. Or

perhaps, since the words gushed through his lips involuntarily, like vomit, it had something to do with his Acadian and Irish genes, an inherited intolerance for authorities who come to confiscate and expel. "My first reaction was that I was angry because it hit me what the other people were saying was true. I handed the slip of paper back. Nosiree—I have no intentions of accepting that; another thing, I have no intentions of moving from that property. His answer was, 'Why don't you accept it? You're one of the lucky ones.'

A federal seaside park for impoverished Kent County was first proposed in the late 1960s. Although parks are usually carved out of sparsely populated wilderness areas, the 94 square miles designated in this case were inhabited by 1,100

people in approximately 225 households. Most were French-speaking Acadians, some with roots dating back two centuries to the resettlement after the Expulsion from Nova Scotia. They lacked cash and education, but they knew how to derive sustenance from their lands and water. They fished, lumbered, farmed, hunted and trapped. The provincial government, responsible for acquiring the properties, offered little cash, no retraining, few jobs and what amounted to a lifetime of idleness on the dole. In Jackie Vautour's eyes, the park plan was a swindle.

Vautour had been a hellion in his youth, fast with his fists, but for nearly 20 years prior to the expropriation he'd lived peacefully. Born in Saint John, he was given a fighter's name, John L. His parents Eusebe and Emma

moved back to their native Kouchibouguac area before his second birthday. His mother, a Kelly, spoke only English so he learned that first; his village of Fontaine spoke French so he learned that too. Soon Jackie was the oldest of six children with a disabled father during the worst of the Depression.

"My father was always laid up in bed, or most of the time, with asthma.

"My father was always laid up in bed, or most of the time, with asthma. He had it very severely. As children, we had a very tough time to survive. Yet we had cows, pigs, hens, gardens and potato fields. There was always meat, eggs, milk, potatoes, vegetables and fish available. When I was very young, I was already cutting firewood."

When Jackie was 14, he left school and landed a job at Moosehead Breweries in Saint John. Then he wandered through the towns and lumber camps

of Quebec, Labrador and northern Ontario, a harddrinking, hard-working loner who always returned home after several months. "I think what kept bringing me back was perhaps the same reason I'm here today, that I think this place is better than anywhere I went to." By the time he was 18, Jackie found a still better reason to come home. Yvonne Cormier had always been the little girl across the river, but she was 13 now, and all grown up. Jackie was smitten and after four years of courtship, they were married.

They settled down as the children began arriving and constructed their home in 1954. "I led a very quiet life after marriage, working the land and bushlands and fishing. I had never been interested in any kind of politics." He didn't realize that by the



were inhabited by 1,100 Francis, Jude Hebert: Vautour is not alone

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mid-1960s study teams were buzzing all over the country trying to come up with ideas to boost the economy, or that politicians in Fredericton and Ottawa had signed papers to make a national park using his land. "I recall somewhere in 1969 we first heard of people having to move. There was an expropriation in 1969, and in 1970, and we were involved in 1970."

Vautour was asked to become chairman of a new expropriates' committee set up under the umbrella of CRASE (Conseil Régional d'Aménagement du Sud-Est), one of a handful of regional social development agencies in N.B., independent of the provincial government, but funded by it. "People at the university had questioned me. By what I was saying, they knew I was

one person who would not be afraid." This was important, he says, because early on no one dared complain. "People here have been living very quietly. They were mostly afraid of the law, afraid of governments. They felt because there was an order given by the government, they had to go." Vautour interviewed the expropriates. Because he was one of them, he says they told him their "true feelings." These weren't much different from his own.

Kouchibouguac was in a continuous uproar during the next few years. The question of fishing rights led to a lengthy occupation of the park office in 1972. There, expropriates saw their files and were shocked. Says Vautour: "One would pick up his file and just get

into a rage, and say, 'Look at what they wrote about me. I never spoke with those people at all. They never came into my home. How could they write such false information?' " The fishermen were offered sums varying from \$50 to a few thousand. Finally an arbitrator was called in and he won acceptance for a settlement of \$6,000 for fishermen, \$2,000 for helpers and \$1,000 for wives. Other grants followed—Vautour calls them "bribes" to entice people to move out. By 1976 only two households remained: An elderly couple who had been given an exemption and the Vautours.

Vautour's home was razed on Nov. 5, 1976, a few days after his committee had gone to nearby Big Cove to talk with the Micmacs about an alliance.

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Jackie was at his office in Richibucto several miles away when Sheriff James Wolfe of Moncton, mounties and forest rangers descended on his home. Jackie says they cut the telephone line and gave his wife 10 minutes to clear out. Yvonne refused, so they fetched Jackie and took him and four teen-age sons to jail. The RCMP told the press that day that only the sheriff, two officers and two rangers participated in the eviction and that Jackie had asked the Mounties to put him in "protective custody" because "he wanted to go somewhere where he could sit by himself and think about what to do." The RCMP said no charges were contemplated because "he co-operated 100%.

Jackie's version is that there were at least 40 men milling about his home with their cars strung out a half-mile down the road, and films exist to prove it. He says the Mounties arrested him,

then held him behind bars while his house was levelled and his accumulations "of a lifetime" were hauled away in a moving van. After 24 hours, he was brought before a judge and charged with "obstructing a police officer." Meanwhile, Yvonne and the five girls were installed at Richibucto's smart Motel Habitant. Gone were bicycles, outboard motors, one son's 1969 Oldsmobile and a large freezer filled with a winter's supply of meat and fish. Jackie's brother rescued the family dog; two pet cats were never seen again.

Vautour says he has never found out who ordered the demolition. He says he talked with Premier Richard Hatfield, Roland Boudreau (then Natural Resources minister) and his deputy, Rudy Hanusiak, but all of them denied issuing the order. The family had four rooms at the motel, but the Natural Resources Department soon stopped paying the bill. The Vautours ate barbecued chicken and warmed up their canned food under hot water taps. Finally the motel owner got a court order to evict them and the Vautours barricaded themselves in their rooms. Sheriff Wolfe and the RCMP arrived at 6 a.m. on March 21, 1977. After a wild melee, the family was extracted and Jackie was slapped into handcuffs and leg-irons joined by a chain so he couldn't straighten up. Even normally placid Yvonne lost her composure, attacking a policewoman with a clothes-hanger after she saw her four-year-old child heaved into a snowbank. Yvonne was roughly throttled into submission.

Out of jail in Moncton where they faced 19 charges, Jackie and the boys went to live in tents in the woods. Yvonne and the girls moved in with

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#### \*\*Special Report\*\*

relatives. Jackie built a table and continued his committee work, emerging every so often to call his lawyers. That fall, homeless, they returned to Richibucto, Jackie staying with his parents, the boys on their own. At a crossroads, Jackie decided to question the expropriates about "whether they still wanted their lands and rights back." Members of 215 families—some 600 people—filled out individual forms signifying that they did.

Vautour and 32 others took their petition and a brief to a meeting with the premier in June, 1978. "We explained the wrongdoings we had experienced and that we wanted to go to court. We had found that the expropriation was illegal." Vautour says the premier told them that he was sorry, but the matter was out of his hands, the land had been transferred to the federal government. As the meeting ended, Vautour says Hatfield "put his hand on my shoulder and told me, 'Go ahead and push this thing because I think you have something there.'"

Encouraged, Vautour and his family moved back to their land, living first in tents and later erecting the four shanties, an idea they got from living in four motel rooms. Others, both expropriates and sons of expropriates, followed, although Parks Canada officials scared most of them away. In 1979, the N.B. Supreme Court heard a civil trespass case. It ruled that Parks Canada owned the land. The province's Court of Appeal agreed. On March 18, 1980, the Supreme Court of Canada announced it would let the N.B. court ruling stand. Within hours, a car pulled up in front of the park office and someone fired a shotgun blast through the front door, narrowly missing a security guard. Vautour turned ugly too, chasing a Radio-Canada reporter from his door. At that moment a carload of shotgun-toting men pulled into his yard. Some kicked the reporter and threw things at his car as he sped away.

Mounties and demonstrators fought pitched battles in the park twice last April. A busload of mounties wearing helmets and carrying bullysticks and shields waded into 200 rockthrowing demonstrators at the park office April 3. The RCMP won the day with tear-gas and Mace, but a few mounties were dragged into the mob and worked over. Three weeks later 100 demonstrators, this time armed with sticks, came upon a dozen mounties at a roadblock. They smashed and overturned police cars. Several people on both sides were cut up. Arrests and jail terms followed.



Harry I. Mathers Jr., Managing Director I.H. Mathers & Son Ltd., Halifax

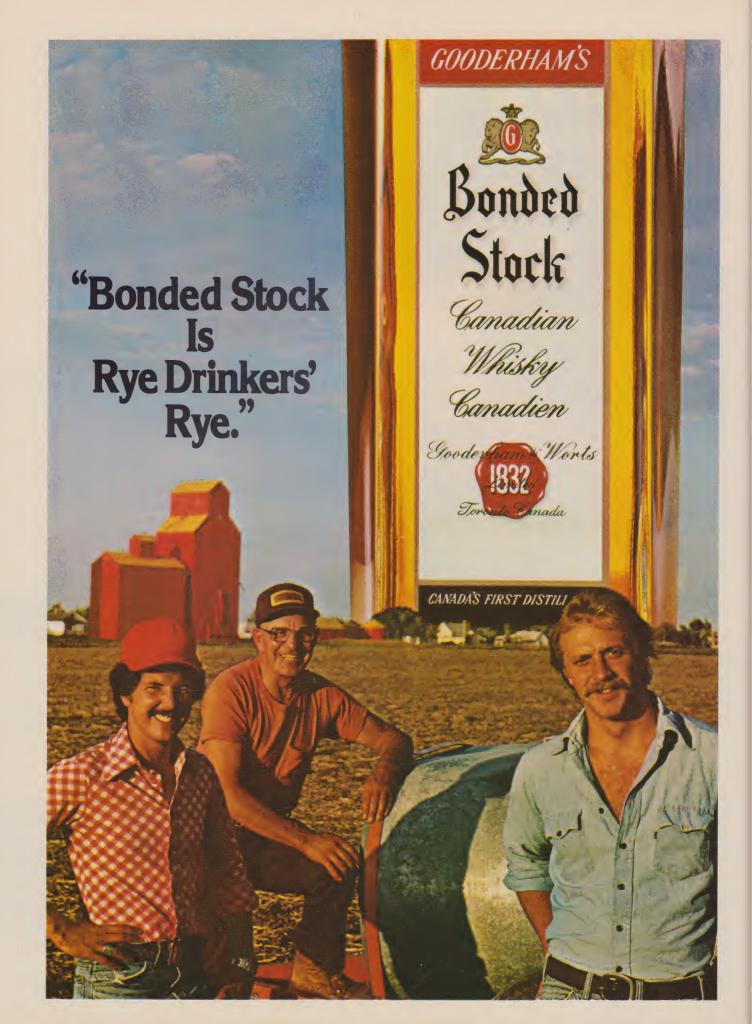
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A detachment of 40 riot-equipped mounties and dogs kept the park open last summer. In mid-May, the federal and provincial governments announced they were hiring University of Ottawa law professor Gerard La Forest, a Grand Falls, N.B., native, and University of Moncton sociology professor Muriel Roy to do a study-the seventh—of the park's problems. On June 5, Vautour announced he was suing the province for demolishing his home.

The government offer to Vautour increased over the years to \$21,000 and then to \$47,000. At one point Vautour was quoted as asking for \$150,000 or replacement in kind. But Vautour says he was always at odds with lawyers on the subject of compensation. His objective has always been to regain the lands and rights, the official aim of the committee since 1978.

The continuing controversy polarized the people of the county, but even when matters were running smoothly, the park generated hard feelings. John LaBossiere, a county resident who led the provincial NDP during the Seventies, says there was a good deal of envy of the expropriates when they built new homes and spent some cash. Last year after the expropriates vowed to shut down the park, some businessmen angrily denounced Vautour. But Myron MacDonald, past president of the Kent County Tourist Association, an organization of 117 businesses, says most businessmen were speaking out of fear of losing money. He says the business community is interested in tourists and these would come whether the park is run under strict Parks Canada rules that prevent Vautour from having his land, or more flexible provincial rules.

Vautour insists the full merits of his claim that the expropriates were dealt with improperly have never been publicly examined. LaBossiere, among others, has been calling for a royal commission for years. Luke Batdorf, who worked with an agency that studied Kent County in the 1960s, says the trouble came because the governments conducted the expropriations in a high-handed and unfair manner, offering more to non-resident landowners than residents. Batdorf, now a professor of adult education at St. Francis Xavier University, Antigonish, N.S., says some big businessmen "made a killing" on land speculation, and he adds, "There is no reason for a park to be in that area." As for Jackie Vautour, "one thing needs to be said, he is not a rogue nor an outlaw. The worst injustice of all is that they not only stole his



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#### \*\*Special Report\*\*

land, they also stole his name."

Some people call him a radical, but Vautour's philosophy of self-reliance, sanctity of private property and less government interference in citizens' lives, smacks more of Ronald Reagan than Che Guevera. "In the Thirties the people here survived. The people in the cities ended up on soup lines. Times were hard, but we had fish, meat, poultry, eggs and milk. It was a hard life, but it was a life of freedom. There was no interference in any way, as long as you paid your taxes." He frets that his sons may not acquire the work ethic because of the turmoil during their formative years. He'd like to get tutoring for Linda and the youngest girl, Rachel, who should be in Grade 3 but has never gone to school. "We won't let them out of our sight because of the threats."

Michael Porter's life has been threatened too. He's the man in the middle, the park superintendent in what must be the toughest Parks Canada assignment in the country. Besides the riots, he's had campers scared away by gunfire. Porter says he can sympathize with the expropriates, but "just remember, we're human too."

Vautour has been accused of wrecking the serenity of the park for selfish reasons. Once posters mysteriously appeared on poles throughout the county with his picture, name and the words, WANTED: DEAD OR ALIVE. But he insists he acts on behalf of all expropriates "seeking justice." Richard Comeau of St. Louis-de-Kent agrees. Comeau got enough money to build a house and \$6,000 to stop fishing. For a while he worked a few months each year as a laborer in the park. Now, at age 45 with a Grade 4 education and seven children, he sits at home, unemployed and bitter. When he tried moving his family back to his former property, his wife was hauled into court. Today only one thing gives him hope, the sight of Jackie Vautour's blue jeep with the Acadian flag decal on the back pulling into his yard.

Already, Jackie Vautour is celebrated in French-language song and film. The *dénouement* of the drama doesn't matter as far as the legend is concerned. Jackie and Yvonne are the Robin Hood and Maid Marion of Canada. Years from now who will recall the names of the legions arrayed against them (except, perhaps the sheriff of Moncton)? But they'll remember Jackie and Yvonne Vautour, two who sacrificed everything in their belief that governments have no right to take advantage of people because they are poor and uneducated.

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#### **Medicine**

Kidney transplant: Winning the tricky race against time

ldon Murray of Moncton got the urgent call to come to Halifax at 8:30 on a snowy Sunday morning last winter. Snow had stopped all road traffic in New Brunswick, but at 1 p.m., a chartered helicopter took off from Moncton with Murray on board. Early that afternoon, he arrived at the Halifax airport and transferred to a waiting ambulance. Meanwhile, another ambulance plowed through the snow to the airport to meet a plane from Calgary. Its precious cargo: A kidney to be transplanted into Murray's body at Halifax's Victoria General

Hospital. Kidneys don't live long outside the body. Any chance of matching a donated organ with a recipient touches off a tricky team effort by health professionals and the patient's family. Halifax's Victoria General is one of the busiest kidney transplant hospitals in Canada, and one of the few with a kidney unit. It's destined to become even busier in future. Last fall, the hospital opened a five-bed kidney unit. And a program to co-ordinate the logistics of transplants—the Maritime Organ Retrieval and Exchange Program (MORE)—began, with funding from the Kidney Foundation of Canada. Doctors hope to perform 60 to 80 transplant operations this year, compared with 48 last year.

MORE is linked to a nationwide computer system with detailed information on potential recipients. To help increase the chance of a successful transplant, an immunologist checks tissues to determine whether there's a close match between the recipient and the organ. After Eldon Murray's dramatic trip to the Victoria General, doctors discovered that the kidney flown from Calgary was unsuitable. But two weeks later Murray got another call, and the transplant operation finally took place.

Before the operation, Murray was one of 140 Maritimers surviving with the help of a dialysis machine. Being on dialysis means 15 to 20 hours a week of treatment that washes body wastes from the blood system—a function that normal kidneys handle. For Harry Thomas, 42, a Halifax executive, dialysis was a way of life for

nearly 14 years. Two years ago, he decided that "I shouldn't push my luck any further." His sister, Marilyn Carman, donated one of her two healthy kidneys, and a transplant operation freed him from his dependence on a machine. If there's no suitable living donor—often a sister or brother—a patient must wait for the death of a donor whose tissues closely match his own.

Gillian Houghton, transplant coordinator for MORE, arranges each Halifax transplant and alerts other centres about kidneys that are unsuitable for patients here. "None are wasted," she says. She also promotes pledges of organs after death. Kidneys transplanted in Halifax usually come from Canadian donors, but they've also arrived from as far away as Miami. To rush patients to the hospital, Houghton has used the services of everything from Air Sea Rescue to the RCMP. Once they get word, recipients have to act quickly. Mike McLellan of O'Leary, P.E.I., considered the news "about three seconds" before heading to Halifax.

But even a successful operation doesn't mean the kidney patient's troubles are over. Rejection-suppressing drugs cause side effects. "All the drugs given to create desirable effects create undesirable effects," says F.R. Hayes, a retired Halifax biology professor who received a transplant nine years ago. But he's not knocking the benefits of transplants. Doctors say successful transplants mean "total rehabilitation." Dr. Allan Cohen, medical director of the kidney unit, says: "Generally speaking the prognosis is extremely good."

Cohen thinks a new drug, Cyclosporin-A (under trial in several centres, including Halifax), may be "the magic bullet" that will help solve the rejection problem. Doctors today know much more about treating kidney failure than in the Sixties when Harry Thomas began dialysis in Montreal. At that time, only "prime specimens" were chosen for dialysis, Thomas says, and "it was touch and go as to whether I'd be accepted." Gradually, it became easier for patients to go on dialysis and have transplants. The number of trans-



Cohen, Houghton, nurse Patty Houlihan

plants increased with the help of computers, organ procurement programs and the use of donor pledge cards, which are attached to drivers' licences in every province except Newfoundland and Prince Edward Island. "Fifteen years ago, there was a general negative attitude," says Dr. Philip Belitsky, transplant team chairman at the VGH. "Today, transplantation is accepted as a natural thing."

Transplant operations are expensive, but cheaper than keeping patients on dialysis. A successful transplant involving one operation costs about \$5,000 to \$6,000. (Since kidneys from dead donors have only a 65% to 70% success rate, some patients must go through two or more transplants.) Hospital dialysis costs \$30,000 annually for one patient; home dialysis, \$18,000.

Soon after the VG began performing transplants in 1969, the demand increased, and doctors started pushing for a kidney unit. "We were going crazy," Cohen says, "looking after patients all over the place." The care of kidney patients is a complicated matter involving specialists who need a central place to discuss cases. But with hospital space coveted "like diamonds," it took the medical staff three years to get the unit.

A patient's attitude is as crucial as good medical care and early diagnosis. When Harry Thomas began dialysis treatments at age 26, he was only a few hours from death. A month later, however, he was back at work, "determined it wasn't going to beat me." He says dialysis was sometimes "tough slogging," and he often felt ill after the treatment sessions, but he kept up a high-powered career. Now after his transplant, he feels fine. "It just feels good to feel good," he says.

- Roma Senn

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### **Dalton Camp's column**

# **Should God have a place** in Canada's constitution?

Well, yes and no. The fight, you see, is not yet over

or those who want to have God made mention of in the new, revised and patriated Canadian constitution, the fight is not yet lost. And for those who don't want God mentioned in the constitution, the fight is not yet won. As matters stand, if God is to be in the constitution, He would appear in the preamble. But there is not now, and may never be, a preamble. One reason for this is because the provinces and the federal government, during last year's lengthy negotiations, couldn't agree about putting God in the preamble. As with most other matters, some were in favor, others opposed.

If God is not mentioned in the constitution, it won't necessarily make it, or Canada, godless. The American constitution, for example, does not mention God; the nearest it comes to the subject is in Article I of its constitution which reads, "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the exercise thereof...," which is the foundation for the fundamental doctrine of the separation of church and state. God is not mentioned in the American national anthem either, but the inscription "In God We Trust" appears on American currency, and the Pledge of Allegiance includes the words "One nation, under God."

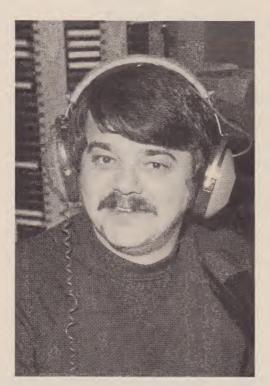
The British do not have a written constitution—lucky them, some might say—so the question does not arise. They do have a national anthem, "God Save the Queen." So far, at least, the Deity is unmentioned either in the

proposed Canadian constitution, or in Canada's official national anthem, or

on Canadian currency.

Many people, on both sides of the issue, seem to feel strongly about their position. I am not one of them, although, if pressed, I have to say I would be just as well pleased if the new, revised constitution stuck to the temporal side of things, leaving out expressions such as our being a Godfearing people, or God-blessed, or God help us. This may not be a sentiment deemed suitable for a child of the manse, which I am, and a Baptist one at that. But there you are.

The Canadian constitution, however, does guarantee freedom of conscience and religion in its Charter of



#### Donnie Robertson

Daily 6 to 9 am

covering southern New Brunswick and western Nova Scotia

50,000 watts



Rights. Most Canadians, according to the polls, support the Charter, and this wouldn't be Canada unless there were some who oppose it. But while a constitution may guarantee the freedom of conscience and religion through legislatures and the courts, it cannot guarantee the existence of God. To begin with, it seems pretentious and, to some, even argumentative.

he politicians and their officials who grappled with this had difficulty in reaching consensus on which God would be addressed in the preamble theirs, yours, or some all-purpose supreme power who would represent everyone, including non-believers. A friend of mine who took part in the deliberations approved of having God in the preamble just so long as it was made clear who He was, which was the Christian God of the majority. The trouble with that, as my friend had to agree, was it left a lot of people out, and there could be some contradiction in guaranteeing freedom of conscience and religion in the Charter of Rights and, in the preamble, confirming the existence of a God whom a significant number of Canadians do not accept as a matter of conscience and religion.

Oh well, some argued, why not fudge the issue and make a passing and platitudinous reference to "a nation under God" which everyone could accept as being applicable to their own faith? My friend said it would be less offensive to his conscience if, rather than pretend you didn't mean what you meant in the preamble, you simply left it out.

Despite earnest pleas in Parliament from opposition members, and an active ecumenical lobby, notably by the television churchmen, that's where the matter now rests. It is easier for a politician to make a speech on this subject, or for true believers to preach to it, than it is to digress upon it on paper, which is something like walking barefoot over a carpet of light-bulbs. There are those who truly wonder what the world-and Canada-is coming to when we can't find a place for God in our constitution. If you don't believe there are strong feelings out there, try taking on-well-the vicar of 100 Huntley Street about the issue.

Getting back to my days in the manse, I was raised in the belief tht He was everywhere anyway, and must be, ipso facto, an omnipresence in the constitution's preamble and wherever else, an observation which may unsettle certain western critics of the document. Finally, we have to believe that if God really wanted to be in the preamble, no earthly power could have it otherwise. Who could dispute that?

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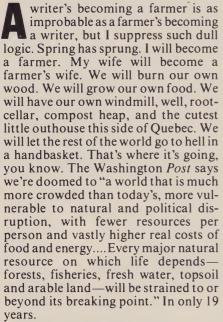
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#### **Harry Bruce's column**

# Anyone can be a farmer

In the spring a middle-aged man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of becoming a horny-handed son of the soil



But not for me. I'll live happily ever after off the fat of the land in the valley of my dreams. I'll be free of the ravages of both taxation and inflation. I'll be free to tell editors to quit bugging me, that I now write only when snow blankets my sweet land and, even then, only if I can spare time from chopping wood, tapping maple trees, reading The Farmer's Almanac, studying seed catalogues. I'll be fantastically fit. My children and their children will be safe forever. They'll wear cowboy hats and ride Arabian horses down the decades of the next millennium.

"You're crazy," a friend warns. "For generations, people have been trying to get off the farms and into the city. You're already in the city. You've got it made. Anyway, looking after animals is a year-round, 24-hour-aday job. You want to stay up all night nursing a sick pig? You like travelling. You'll never be able to go anywhere."

"No animals," I reply triumphantly. (The Arabian horses will have to wait a while.) "We'll be vegetarians."
"Oh, I get it," he says. "You're

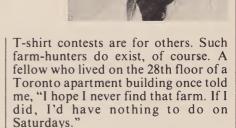
"Oh, I get it," he says. "You're going to be a farmer, but you won't raise anything that poops."

Right. The fact that in my first vegetable-growing experiment, I spent all last summer growing precisely 53 peas and 19 yellow beans does not

deter me in the slightest. I just didn't know enough. I'll study up. I already read Harrowsmith and a superior Vermont-based monthly called *Blair* & Ketchum's Country Journal. They're full of good stuff on solar greenhouses, wood-splitting tools, gizmos for cleaning your own chimney, one-man sawmills, the joys of organic gardening, how to raise Christmas trees for fun and profit, how to keep deer, raccoons rabbits and bugs from gobbling your tender, young veggies. I just have to leaf through such magazines to know that anyone can be a farmer. Anyway it's in my blood. My grandfather Bruce was a farmer.

It happens every spring, this shimmering bolt of insight about what I must do with my life. On the first morning that the northbound sun makes the smell of steamy mud fill the air, my wife and I comb the classifieds for a "gentleman's farm." We phone rural real estate agents, jump into the car, charge down the South Shore, or through the Annapolis Valley, or up to Cape Breton; and we know that, on one of these thrilling expeditions, we will surely find The Perfect Farm. A dozen times we've come within an ace. The only thing wrong with that handsome wooden mansion that a 19thcentury sea captain had built near Granville Ferry was that it had no water and, on the dirt floor below, no furnace. The only thing wrong with that pink house at Blue Rocks was that it sat on blue rocks. Not the best for subsistence farming. The only thing wrong with that spread near Mabou was that the owner wanted enough money to build a high-rise tower in Halifax. Oh well, we'll just keep on

Country real estate people are mysteriously cool toward us. They assess our pale faces, soft hands, shiny shoes, and the way we shiver in the spring breeze. They consider our dazed excitement and our chatter about alfalfa sprouts and organically grown mushrooms, and they look put upon. They think they know our type. They think our keeping them from their families all through a long Saturday afternoon is merely recreation for us, the way stock-car races, rock concerts and wet



But we're not like that. We're just being extra careful about choosing the right land. It no longer has to have a century-old, historic-looking house on it. That's because I'm already much more progressive than your average farmer. I'll build an incredibly energy-efficient, wood-burning home, complete with solar collectors, sauna and hydroponic greenhouse. The house will be half underground to cut heat loss, with the rear portion jammed into a hill that faces south. As you can see, I have it all figured out.

Naturally, I'll also need 50 acres of the finest hardwood forest, and a dozen mature apple trees. The soil must be the richest in Nova Scotia, which means the Annapolis Valley, and the house must have a sweeping view of the Atlantic Ocean. Since you can't see the ocean from the Valley, this may be difficult to arrange. But I'll manage. No problems are insurmountable for a writer who's becoming a farmer. I should know. I've been becoming one every spring for at least 20 years.

# Up coming attantic ight

The other Olands: The New Brunswick brewers who are making a name for their beer in the United States

&

Trevor Berbick: The Halifax boxer who went for the big one



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#### **Hobbies**

# Help yourself to a wooden nickel

If you can find one. It's all part of collecting coins, for fun and profit, in Atlantic Canada

New Brunswick book collector, since deceased, is said to have collected so many books that he had to either stop adding to his collection or move out of the house. He chose to move. There is a record collector in Saint John whose floors are sagging under the weight of thousands of wax and vinyl discs. There are people in the Atlantic provinces who collect stamps, book matches, swizzle sticks, glass owls and the insulators off telephone poles. (The purple insulators fetch the highest prices.) And there is Glen Rodgers of Fredericton who collects wooden nickels.

He has even issued a wooden nickel of his own, a common practice among collectors of such tokens which, in less sophisticated times, were widely used to advertise everything from horse liniment to salvation. ("You're not worth a plug nickel without Christ," warns one in Rodgers's 1,600-piece collection.)

He also collects real money and was in charge of the arrangements for the 10th spring rally of the Atlantic Provinces Numismatic Association, held in Fredericton on May 9 and 10. His special interest lies in the coins of the Atlantic provinces. Everybody

knows that Newfoundland issued its own coins and currency until 1949, when it became a part of Canada. What's less widely known is that Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island had their own money, even after Confederation.

Nova Scotia had its own currency until 1871, and in that same year, Prince Edward Island issued a bronze one-cent piece now worth between \$1.25 and \$60, depending upon its condition. Anyone who owns that one-cent piece can truthfully claim to possess a complete collection of Prince Edward Island decimal coinage; it was the island's first decimal coin, and the province never issued any more.

Rodgers, a 60-year-old retired employee of the Queen's Printer in Ottawa, began to collect coins in 1935, when he was captivated by the beauty of a freshly minted dime. He still has it.

While the membership of the Atlantic Provinces Numismatic Association numbers only 200, there may be tens of thousands of people in Atlantic Canada who collect coins more or less seriously. Some store up silver against the night when they hear Knowlton Nash announce that because of something that happened in Zurich, paper

money has become worthless. Others have laid aside a few old coins, thinking that one of these days they'll ask a collector if they're worth anything

Membership in coin clubs would be far greater, Rodgers believes, if it weren't for the fact that many collectors prefer to keep a very low profile. "They're afraid that a burglar might get hold of our membership lists," he explains. "Actually, we make very sure that doesn't happen."

Coins don't need to be old to

be valuable. "The Cadillac among Newfoundland coins," according to Rodgers, is the 1940 silver five-cent piece, of which only 2,141 were ever issued. It is worth between \$125 and \$250.

A collector must also be on the alert for counterfeiters. There are a lot of them around, Rodgers says. Fortunately, it isn't difficult for an experienced eye to detect the difference between a fake and the genuine article. Real coins are struck, which means imprinted, under enormous pressure. Counterfeits are cast in a mould. One counterfeiter did turn out a U.S. half-dollar that fooled even the officials of the U.S. Treasury Department. The trouble was, they cost him \$1.50 each.

People are inclined to be superstitious about money. Traditionally, western Canadians have refused to accept two-dollar bills, although this is becoming less and less true in Alberta, because of the influx of easterners who have never been taught they bring bad luck.

Some Americans have refused to accept the "feminist dollar," which bears a likeness of the 19th-century suffragette Susan B. Anthony. That may not mean they're anti-feminist although, unlike Canadians, Americans aren't accustomed to seeing a woman's picture on their money; it could be because it's similar in size to a 50-cent piece

And then there is the "Devil's Head Dollar." That's the 1954 issue of Canadian currency on which the Devil appeared to lurk in the Queen's hair. Some claimed it was a republican plot and the bills were quickly withdrawn from circulation. Today, a Devil's Head one-dollar bill, in perfect condition and with the right signatures and serial number, could fetch \$225. Any Devil's Head note in good condition is worth more than its face value.

Was the Devil's Head really the work of a saboteur? Most people scoff at the suggestion nowadays. But Glen Rodgers isn't so sure. "After all, I used to work for the Queen's Printer; I know how easy it would have been to do." That doesn't trouble him nearly so much as the memory of how a dear old lady once offered to sell him a whole shoeboxful of Devil's Head notes at their face value, and he turned her down.

— Alden Nowlan



Rodgers: Still captivated by coins

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#### **Sports**

# Nfld.'s world-class wheelchair athletes

Newfoundland is far ahead of the rest of the country when it comes to recognizing disabled athletes as athletes

oanne McDonald sets her beer down beside her so she can use her hands to emphasize this point. "I'm an athlete," she says. "My means of competing may be different, but I'm an athlete. When I'm training, I'm at it four or five hours a day, for chrissakes. Just because I'm not running around the track in sneakers doesn't mean I'm not racing." She's angry at the thought that some people, in ignorance, would deny her or other wheelchair athletes their unqualified achievements. But she adds quickly that her home pro-

vince is not guilty of that. "From what I've seen, Newfoundland is way ahead of any province in recognizing disabled athletes as athletes. We aren't segregated from non-disabled sports."

The Newfoundland and Labrador Amateur Sports Federation named McDonald outstanding female athlete of the year in 1976. Disabled athletes have been among the male or female finalists every year since



Joanne McDonald
A new life

then for the federation's top individual awards, alongside able-bodied swimmers, wrestlers, weightlifters and trackand-field competitors. McDonald, who took her first provincial award after three years in wheelchair sports, won again for 1978. Last March, the sports federation gave its highest honor to a wheelchair athlete—Mel Fitzgerald for his extraordinary track performances at the 1980 Olympic Games for the Physically Disabled at Arnhem, Holland. Fitzgerald won two record-breaking gold medals, one silver and, as a relay team member, one bronze. For his role on the national team last summer (Canada placed third overall), the Canadian Amateur Sports

Federation voted Fitzgerald winner of the Norton H. Crow Memorial Award for top male athlete of the year.

McDonald and Fitzgerald, both 27, came to St. John's independently from their rural Newfoundland homes at about the same time. Neither dreamed, at the age of 20, they would or even could become world-class athletes in a few years' time and, pioneers in their own province, be part of the international movement of sport for the physically disabled. Polio hit Fitzgerald when he was a young boy in Trepassey and left his legs paralysed, but that didn't keep him from being an active child. "I probably got more exercise as a kid than most kids get," he remembers. "I could easily do five or six miles a day on crutches." During hockey games with his friends, he played goal, and in summer he played baseball with the help of a pinchrunner. He was manager of the high school basketball team. "My family never treated me any differently," Fitzgerald says. "That gives you the right attitude from the start. It let me know I could do anything if I tried enough."

McDonald comes from St. Mary's, another small community on the Avalon Peninsula, but her early years couldn't have been more different from Fitzgerald's. Born with spina bifida, an abnormality of the spine which affected her legs, McDonald became an athlete in spite of her past. "I was discouraged from taking part in things," she says. "There was a fear I would get hurt and I accepted that." She came to St. John's timid, withdrawn, unconfident but-here's the fairy-tale ending-she "found something in there I never knew was there." Her first race (she had used a wheelchair only occasionally to get around) gave her a new sense of freedom and mobility. "To get out there and wheel, it was fantastic," she says, and she loved the taste of competition. Next to Fitzgerald's quiet, unassuming determination, McDonald is absolutely passionate about sport, if still modest about her own remarkable achievements. She says, "The Joanne McDonald I know



Mel Fitzgerald in training

now and the Joanne McDonald I knew eight years ago are two complete-

ly different people."

Coincidentally, both athletes are "sort of hanging up our wheels for the time being," McDonald says. Their success carries a hefty price tagweeks of travel, loss of pay, equipment costs, the strain of training while holding down a job. Fitzgerald figures his nine-month preparation for the 1980 Olympic Games (which included two months in Toronto where good weather and coaching were available) cost him nearly \$5,000. "If I were an ablebodied athlete training for the Olympics, I could apply for what they call wage-loss insurance," he says. "We applied for it, but we couldn't get it." (He did finally get \$500 in government support.) Now Fitzgerald is settling down a little: He's got a new job with a medical equipment company, he and Jane Rattray (a physical education instructor) have bought a house in St. John's and she is expecting a baby. McDonald, for her part, puts a lot of energy into her work as a rehabilitation counsellor for people newly disabled and is taking university courses in connection with her job.

But neither are they abandoning sport. McDonald, whose main events have been track and slalom (an obstacle-course race against the clock), says she's concentrating on basketball now. She'd like to become a member of the Canadian women's basketball team for the 1982 Pan-American Games in Halifax, and she wants to coach track. Fitzgerald has become athletic director of the Wheelchair Sports Association of Newfoundland and Labrador, and he's trying to revive local clubs in Corner Brook and Grand Falls. If there's a marathon race at the 1984 Olympics, he says he'll probably have a go at that. Meanwhile he'll ease up on his own training and give others a hand. When the next generation of wheelchair athletes make headlines from Newfoundland, McDonald and Fitzgerald will be the coaches and the personal inspiration they themselves never had. - Amy Zierler

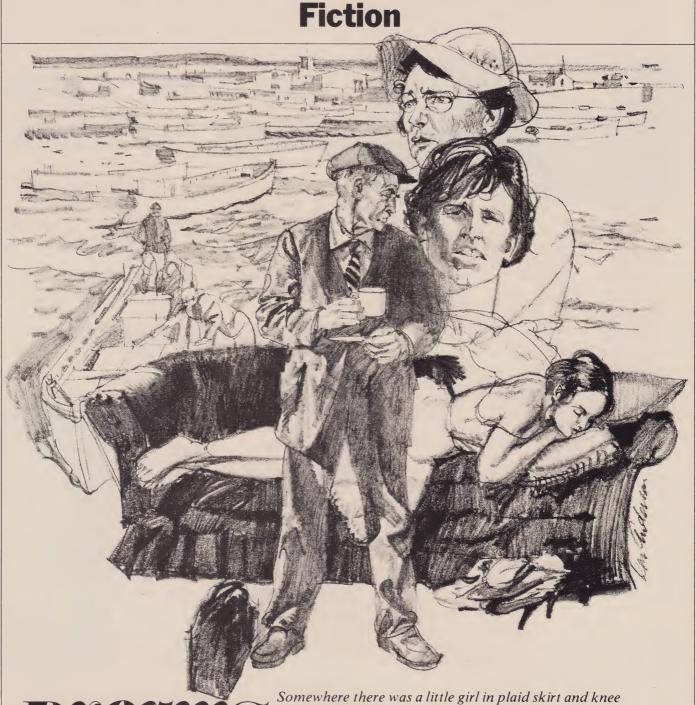
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Somewhere there was a little girl in plaid skirt and knee socks saying, Dad, when can we go home to Nova Scotia? We should have gone home, he thought. Things would have been so different for us

By Veronica Ross

t was the same dream again. He was a young boy walking up the lane. His wool stockings and britches scratched his legs. It was warm and sunny for a fall day. He had skipped out of school early because the men had come home. They would be waiting for him down at the wharf. He hopped a fence and ran across the pasture. His mother was baking a pie and biscuits and there were blue and white dishes lined up on the sideboard and she had a flour smudge on her cheek. His father's ship box sat in the porch and when his mother looked up she said, Well now, and who said you could be missing school again? She had to say this. She was really happy because his father was home again. He stuffed a biscuit in his mouth. The clock struck two and the sun illuminated the flour

on the baking board.

Only it was eleven. Allen woke up and felt the secret lump in his neck before shutting the alarm clock off. He really did not need to set the alarm, but he set it anyway, out of habit. Afraid he would oversleep and lose his job. After all these years.

Rosa was sleeping with her back to him but one plump arm was flung backwards and rested on her hip. It was raining outside. We're getting old, he thought, and felt the lump again before easing himself carefully out from under his wife's arm. Time was when she would be waiting downstairs for him, the tea ready, his lunch packed. Perhaps knitting or playing solitaire until he came into the kitchen. Then she would bustle around, pour the tea, pack his lunch. Since her operation last year she'd taken to going to bed at ten even on the nights he did not work.

He felt the lump again and thought of death. But then he pulled his trousers over his long underwear. Once he was on his feet and awake he did not think about the lump so much. Before leaving the room he kissed his wife's shoulder.

Catherine was downstairs with her man. The man who wasn't her husband. They were pressed together on the sofa, watching a silent television screen. The man's hand was under her skirt. She'd taken her stockings off and they lay in a puddle on the rug. Allen turned his eyes away from her heavy white legs and padded quietly through the room. He knew without looking that the man, Len, would have removed his hand. Len had been here for two months now and Catherine slept with him on the couch, although she went up to her own bed before her father came home.

The supper dishes were still in the sink. He plugged in the kettle for his tea and saw that all the cups were dirty. Rinsing one of the good cups, he wondered what had happened to his life. There was his lunch box and thermos, made ready by Rosa before she went to bed. In the midst of all this chaos there was still the clean centre, but it was harder and harder to grasp. Like the dream. But that seemed even more of an improbability in the bright light of the kitchen.

Catherine came into the kitchen. "Oh, making tea are you? I'd love a

In the living room, the TV sound

"Ask him to keep that down, will you? Your mother needs her rest."

"Oh Dad. She can't hear up there." But she went back into the living room and the sound was lowered.

"It's raining out," she said, sitting down at the table. Allen poured her tea and gave it to her, but kept his face turned away from hers. The face of a sexually aroused woman. I'm too old for this, he thought. It was always a shock to see her as she was now. Somewhere there was the little girl, Catherine, in her plaid skirt and knee socks, saying, Dad, when can we go home? Meaning Nova Scotia of course.

We should have gone home, he thought. Things would have been so different for us.

She'd never have come home with her eyes blackened and two ribs cracked, a baby under her arm, beaten by that no-good husband of hers.

"Yes, I heard the rain upstairs. Not a good night, except for ducks. Timmy in, is he?" He and his wife had raised Timmy, her son, who was now 16. Except for the two years she had gone to Quebec with that French guy. Who had left her. So she had come home again.

"It's early. I told him 11:30."

"There's nothing to do out there but get in trouble. He should have been in long ago."

"Dad, he's 16." She smiled at him with amusement over her cup.

I should show her whose house this

is, he thought. She's not setting a good example for her son, sleeping with this man and that. Having the men right here. Why don't I put a stop to it?

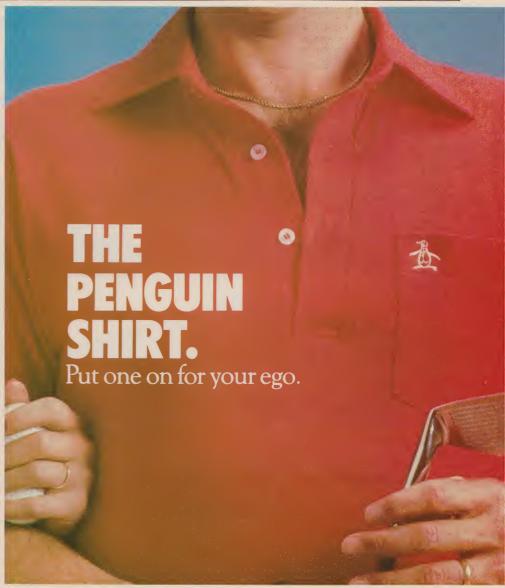
Softie, his daughter often teased. Sucker, he thought. A man who can't even control his own household.

He was lacing his boots when Timmy slouched in.

"Hello boy."

"Hiya there Granpa."

There was beer on the boy's breath. Allen said nothing. Starting his car, he thought, I ought to kick them all out. Rosa and I deserve a little peace. But what could he do? He loved them too much, that was the problem.



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#### **Fiction**

The factory chimneys were still now, not sending forth the stinky smoke which hung over the small city like some evil cloud of pestilence. But the place looked somehow ominous and terrible, perhaps even more terrible at night than it did in the daytime. It was stiller and heavier at night, sitting in its silence, bulky and vast, the yard emptied now of the 100-odd cars which filled it in the daylight.

Like a prison, he thought. Thirty years this autumn. I've spent 30 years of my life in this place.

Alone, he made up his improvised cot, a bench with his coat over it, and lay down. For a minute, he tried reading the newspaper, but then, as they did every night, his fingers sought

out the lump on his neck. Was it growing larger? Sometimes it seemed to him that it was definitely larger and other times it seemed to him that it had almost disappeared. He was afraid of dying. He did not want to die, although he certainly would die. But he could not truly imagine being put into a box and then being lowered into the earth and just being no more. He could not imagine nothingness. Last year, when Rosa had had her heart operation, he had watched her comatose face for three days and it had seemed impossible to him that she would die, although the doctor said this was possible. Sometimes it seemed to him that he had saved her through sheer belief.

Tonight the lump seemed bigger. Cancer, he thought.

It was better to keep it a secret, even from himself. Better to let come what may.

His fingers felt and felt and kneaded the lump and pushed it around. It did not seem attached to anything tonight. One night it had seemed to him he could even move it.

It's nothing, he repeated over and over until he put himself to sleep. His last thought was that he was not going to feel the lump anymore. Maybe it would just go away.

They were leaving the Cove, Porter's Cove. The house was sold, emptied of everything but their beds. Rosa was standing in the bare kitchen, waiting by the bay window for her cousin Paul who was to drive them to Halifax

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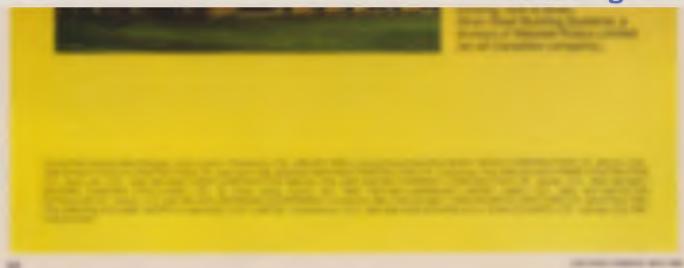
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#### **Fiction**

where they would then catch the train to Toronto. She kept pulling her gloves on and off, on and off. Allen was irritated by the gloves. Her father had been a preacher and she retained these ladylike ways which irritated him because they were reminders that her family thought she had married beneath herself. A fisherman.

Well, I won't be a fisherman any longer, he thought, watching Catherine outside. It was windy and she was skipping nervously about. The wind lifted the hem of her new red dress and

showed her clean white underwear and chunky legs. It was a cloudy, damp day and he knew her legs would be covered with goosebumps. Beyond their field the water looked choppy and angry and he suddenly remembered being out there, cold and hungry and wet, and seeing the light in the house. Knowing that Rosa would have a hot meal waiting.

Forget this. Everyone had said goodbye two days ago in a mixture of sadness and something like envy. Allen and his family were going away to seek

their fortunes in Toronto and they, the others, were staying at home even though it was poor. Because they themselves could not or would not leave. Now they were keeping to their houses. Well, there they go, someone would say from behind the curtains. He knew the ways of his people. Now that the time had come to leave he was anxious to be off, to put the doubts behind him. To forget: The boyhood home, occupied now by his brother. The small grave in the cemetery where their two infant sons rested. Waiting for the rest of the family who would now be buried God only knew where.

"I do wish he'd hurry," Rosa said, giving her gloves one more tug.

"Can't you leave your gloves alone? You're enough to drive any man crazy." It had been her idea to go at the first of it.

"Oh stop your nagging."

Bickering in their usual way. But there was never a moment when he was unaware of her. Rosa began tapping on the window for Catherine to stop her jumping about. Allen wanted to run out and hug his daughter. Their only living child.

He could not now imagine living in any other space or place. There was still time to change his mind.

But then they heard the sound of Paul's car. As they drove away, Rosa cried and then Catherine started in a high childish wail. Allen looked straight ahead.

He woke up just before the alarm went off. Three o'clock—time to make his rounds. Alone, he moved through the empty plant, his footsteps echoing before the vast silent machines.

I didn't know, he thought.

Didn't know what?

Not much, he thought, shining his flashlight around the end of the factory.

Lived all these years and don't even know a thing.

Except...

Life would have been different back home. Rosa would not have been sick and I would not have spent 30 years in a factory I hated and Catherine would have married some local boy and had a parcel of kids and they would have come over on a Sunday when Rosa made a turkey or stew and I would have talked boats and guns with the son-in-law and at night there would have been the sounds of the ocean and maybe before dark I'd take a stroll to the wharf to chew the rag with the fellows while Rosa took a stroll over the field to visit with a neighbor and then we'd have our tea and exchange the stories we'd heard.



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#### **Fiction**

One more search with the flashlight and he was through.

I'd let it burn down, he told himself.

No you wouldn't.

Just like you'll take the gold watch although you always said you wouldn't, on account of how it represents slavery.

You'll probably even be momentarily proud and turn red and embarrassed and stumble over your words.

This was the worst of it. He never did what he planned in his mind to do. He thought of Rosa saying, I wouldn't move back home if you paid me a million dollars. Did she really think that?

Catherine had fallen asleep on the couch. He turned his face away from her pile of clothes on the floor, her underwear shamelessly on the top. Pretend not to see. Make life easy for yourself. He turned and went silently up the stairs. He would pretend not to have seen and Catherine would pretend she had been in bed. It occurred to him that this reticence, this quality of not discussing the obvious, of relying on the hidden things, was all that she had inherited. Perhaps it was all that he had to hand on to her?

What a life, he thought. I don't understand any of it. All I ever wanted

Well, what?

Some peace, some dignity, he thought, passing Timmy's closed door.

Rosa's eyes were open when he went into the bedroom. Like some bright bird's, he thought.

"Well, how was it?" she asked.

He slid his trousers down and got into bed. She smelled of sleep and the medicine she took.

"All right, same as ever." His hip moved against hers. "Get some sleep, did you?"

She still spoke the way she had as a girl.

"The usual," he answered and touched the lump.

"Your feet are cold."

"Rosa maybe we should never have left home. How'd you like to go home to retire next year? Build ourselves a nice little bungalow, maybe take Timmy with us? Be good for him, the way she carries on. Put in a little garden, maybe set some traps. What do you think?"

...million dollars," she mumbled.

She was asleep again.

We've been away too long, he thought. But after we left, nothing ever seemed quite...real.

After a minute, he felt the lump again, waiting for sleep and dreams.



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#### Media

# **Bill McNeil mines our history**

The former Cape Breton coal miner struck pure gold in the memories of Canada's early settlers.

n his 31-year broadcasting career, Bill McNeil has interviewed movie stars, talked with freedom fighters and visited heads of state. But his own heroes aren't famous. They're the tough, honest old people he interviews every week on CBC's Voice of the Pioneer, a 13-year-old national radio show.

McNeil says he's never talked to a Canadian pioneer he hasn't liked. He even has fond memories of the 100year-old Penticton, B.C., woman who kicked him and his "darn fool contraption" (a tape recorder) out of the house because she wanted to watch a hockey game on television. "A lot of old people must have been bastards when they were young," McNeil says, but he's convinced that "all things not

nice about people come from ambition"-and that vanishes with age.

McNeil's fascination with old people began when, as a child in Glace Bay, N.S., he listened to older Cape Bretoners tell stories of earlier days. After school, his grandmother regaled him with tales about shipwrecks, adventures at sea and life in the Newfoundland outport where she'd lived. As a radio show host, he's still fascinated by the lives of Canada's McNeil: Radio's still King

remarkable pioneers. "Just imagine," McNeil says, "facing those cold Prairies, not seeing anything and saying, 'I am going to carve a place for myself.' What a satisfaction seeing

something rise.'

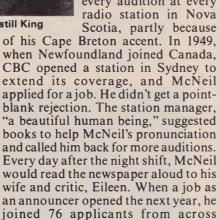
Voice of the Pioneer gave McNeil, 56, a chance to tap a motherlode of human history. Ottawa's Public Archives and several provincial ones want to bank his interviews. His own collection is filed in his studio at home in Toronto. His favorite interview was with Lorne Saunders, a Saskatchewan homesteader who, with his horse, survived a winter in a rough dugout on boiled wheat and brown sugar. "Anytime I feel down in the dumps," McNeil says, "I get out that tape." When fire destroyed a large collection of tapes, "I just cried." He's preserved many of them in print in his book, Voice of the Pioneer (Macmillan of Canada), and plans a second volume.

Since his radio career began in Sydney, N.S., 31 years ago, McNeil's travelled the world, interviewing the rich and famous: Eamon De Valera, the Irish freedom fighter; Barry Goldwater, the onetime U.S. presidential candidate; Joan Crawford, the Hollywood actress and Pepsi-Cola promoter. He found most public figures "god-damned shallow," with "unbelievable egos." Unlike the pioneers, "they don't speak from their hearts." McNeil, who acted as host for many of the CBC's top programs, says, "There's nothing in radio I haven't done."

But it was a struggle to get started in the business. He attended St. Francis Xavier University in Antigonish for a

> year, then returned home Stuition, he followed his ₫father into the coal mines. Meantime, he fell in love, married and had a son. He staved in the mine for seven unhappy years. "Once you got into the coal mine, it was hard to get out. People didn't think you were much good for anything else.'

He struck out at every audition at every



After five years of trying, getting that job was a dream come true, McNeil says. "You know, people often say, 'If I get that I'll never want anything else.' I meant it." Because spinning records

Canada, made the short list and almost panicked. "I still get the shivers when I think of it," he says.

had little appeal for him, he moved quickly to grab CBC Toronto's attention. When a story broke on a Sydney jail warden taking inmates hunting to lug back game, Toronto asked McNeil to cover it. Touring the jail, he found water-soaked floors and 120 inmates sleeping in shifts in a facility designed for 40. He felt "kind of scared" filing that story instead of the "funny" one Toronto requested. But his story led the national news, captured newspaper headlines across the country and prompted a provincial jail investigation. CBC called McNeil to Toronto.

McNeil says he never became a great news reporter. His strength was uncovering the "human side" of the news. But he worked beside such legendary figures as the late Norman DePoe, the kind of reporter born "once in 100 years," and eventually became an editor. With the arrival of television, many people assumed radio would fade to background noise. Others, such as Harry J. Boyle—then a CBC host and producer, and later chairman of the CRTC—knew radio could beat TV in reportage, interviews and music. Boyle developed a program called Assignment, combining radio's strengths, and asked McNeil to act as host on a 13-week contract. The show lasted 15 years.

McNeil's as high on radio today as when he started. "Nothing I do gives me more satisfaction," he says. He spends evenings cutting and splicing tape and making "something out of nothing." He totes his tape recorder everywhere. Between tapings of Pioneer and Fresh Air, a regional Saturday and Sunday morning show he hosts, he's working on a history of radio in Canada and another book on contem-

porary Cape Breton.

Every year, Bill and Eileen McNeil go back to Cape Breton. Sitting in a restaurant overlooking the Halifax Commons, he remembers the first time in the Forties when he saw "the bright lights of the big city." When he crosses the Angus L. Macdonald bridge to Halifax he still gets sentimental. He's looking for property in Cape Breton. But he knows "it's hard to come back." Perhaps to retire? He's not planning to. "All I want to do," he says, "is keep doing what I'm doing.'

- Roma Senn





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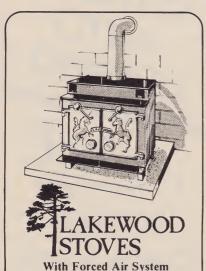
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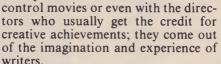
### **Movies**

### A festival of scum and sleaze

Hollywood is fascinated with life and love among America's losers. And they're turning out lots of movies to prove it

By Martin Knelman idely varying in form and content, four current movies, All Night Long, Atlantic City, U.S.A., Eyewitness and The Postman Always Rings Twice, all happen to tap the vitality of American losers and drifters. Taken together, these movies represent almost a bubbly festival of scum and sleaziness. It may not be possible to guess just why this phenomenon should occur at a time when the entire North American culture seems

o bsessed with cleanliness, normality and upward mobility. But perhaps it is not entirely a coincidence that in the case of every one of these movies, the fondness and fascination with the underbelly of American life do not originate with the money men who William Hurt in Eyewitness



The tradition of entertainingly witty dialogue, which flourished in 1930s comedies and then more or less vanished, has been making a comeback lately. Two of the most brilliant modern practitioners of this art, both of whom can be viewed as spiritual godchildren of Ben Hecht, are W.D. Richter and John Guare. One thing Richter and Guare have in common is an affection for the comic energy of people scrambling to get by on the outer edges of society. Richter's All Night Long, a far-out social satire, is most fully alive during the scenes at the tawdry 24hour L.A. discount drugstore where Gene Hackman works after being banished from his executive suite; out of these scenes emerges a comic romance of night-town sleaziness.

Unlike the Gene Hackman character in All Night Long, a confused refugee from middle-class respectability, the characters in Atlantic City, U.S.A., directed by Louis Malle from a script by John Guare, have never had



Hackman, Streisand in All Night Long



Nicholson in Postman



Lancaster and Sarandon in Atlantic City

a chance to become bored by suburban prosperity and executive style. They're street hustlers hooked on the flickering neon ersatz glamor of the crumbling boardwalk. Susan Sarandon as Sally is a girl from Saskatchewan who works at the oyster bar of the casino, and dreams of becoming a blackjack dealer. Her idea of big time is Monte Carlo, but she gets caught up in some nasty business between the mob and her exhusband, Dave the drug dealer. Then there's Burt Lancaster as Lou, who brags about his alleged past notoriety but has now been reduced to running a

smalltime numbers game and working as a combination flunky and stud for the dotty widow of a mobster. Unlikely as it may seem, Atlantic City, U.S.A. is a co-production between Canada and France. Produced by John Kemeny and Denis Heroux, it features a number of Canadian performers: Newfoundland's Robert Joy as Dave; Hollis McLaren as Dave's flower-child girlfriend Chrissie; and Kate Reid in her Genie award-winning performance as Grace, Lou's keeper. Al Waxman and Moses Znaimer are among the hoods, and Robert Goulet turns up singing a song about Atlantic City and looking very greasy.

There are delicious bits of manic invention that burst through the proceedings like arias in a comic opera, and they come straight from the mental universe of John Guare, who happens to be the most brilliantly witty of all living American playwrights. Atlantic City has the sketchiness of a promising first draft, but Guare's sensibility seems to match up well with director Malle's, and one gets the feeling this could be the start of a fruitful partnership.

For the first half-hour, what sets Eyewitness apart from the whole genre of crude thrillers we've grown weary of is the freshness of the romance between William Hurt, as an unusually intelligent young janitor who may or may not know something about a murder committed in his building, and Sigourney Weaver, as a sharp-tongued television news commentator. The janitor, who wears wire-rimmed glasses and rides a motorbike, happens to be obsessed with the newscaster to the point of making videotapes of her nightly appearance on the airwaves. When she turns up to question him about the murder, it's like the fulfilment of an erotic dream. To prolong their relationship, he pretends to know a lot more about the murder than he actually does know, oblivious to the clear and present danger in this particular courtship game. Eyewitness eventually deteriorates into exactly the sort of contrived, clunky cop schlock we were at first relieved it didn't seem to be, complete with an international Jewish conspiracy, Christopher Plummer's perpetually raised eyebrow and a truly embarrassing sketch of villainy by Irene Worth. But, for a while at least, this janitor's view of the naked city makes the movie worth seeing. And that comes directly out of the personal experience of the screenwriter, Steve Tesich, collaborating once again with director Peter Yates, who worked with him on Breaking Away. Tesich, a Yugoslav immigrant who came to the United States at the age of 14, worked for a time as a janitor in Chicago and has used that experience to make some

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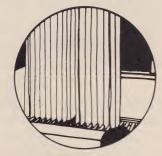
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### Movies

sociological observations, in a semihumorous way, on the underside of American life, something he did far more successfully in Breaking Away.

James M. Cain, who wrote the novel The Postman Always Rings Twice, on which both the new film and the 1946 version were based, was a journalist from Baltimore who had already taught college journalism courses, worked for H.L. Mencken on The American Mercury, written editorials for Walter Lippman on the New York World, and served as managing editor of The New Yorker before he landed in Hollywood as a scriptwriter. Postman, published when he was 42, was his first novel, and it created an instant sensation. In the first movie version, the young Lana Turner played Cora, the sullen young wife of a paunchy, older man operating a diner and service station 20 miles from Los Angeles: John Garfield had the role of the transient bad boy who gets mixed up with her and conspires to bump off her husband.

remake was almost inevitable be-A cause now the sexual energy in Cain's piece of pulp virtuosity doesn't have to be disguised. It almost went without saying that Garfield's old role would be played by Jack Nicholson, who has always had more than a hint of Dionysian sexual danger revving up his motor, but maybe Nicholson waited too long. Bob Rafelson, the director of the new Postman, is an old friend of Nicholson, and directed him in Five Easy Pieces, and it's obvious he means to tap the old crazy-erotic magic. He has a script by David Mamet, who showed a genius-for funny-smutty banter and lower-depths lingo in his play Sexual Perversity in Chicago, and he has a sensational asset in the person of Jessica Lange. Postman will be remembered as the movie in which Lange broke through; as Cora, she's a knockout of blonde, slutty sensuality, quickly vanquishing memories of Lana Turner and easily outdoing Nicholson at curled-lip, crooked smiles. For the first hour, the new Postman does have an erotic charge that keeps it pulsing along, right up to the moment Cora and Frank screw violently while Nick's corpse is still warm, murder being an aphrodisiac. But in the second half, the movie loses its juices. Falling back on familiar menacing mannerisms, Nicholson looks pathetically weary and worn out. The movie doesn't exactly end, but grinds to a halt, leaving out the kicker to which the title refers. Maybe they should call this version The Postman Only Rings Once.

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### **Book Column**

# Ragweed blossoms

Ragweed Press doesn't have heat or light in its office. In fact, it doesn't even have an office. But it does have an idea whose time has come

By Silver Donald Cameron

here is Ragweed Press actually located?" I asked. Libby Oughton laughed, and tapped the side of her head.

"In here, I guess."

We're munching what Libby swears are "the best hamburgers on Prince Edward Island" in a lunch counter near The Bookmark in Charlottetown where Libby works. What's in Libby's head—and in that of her partner, Harry Baglole—is a gutsy, intelligent

new publishing house.

Harry Baglole is an Island patriot, one of The Brothers and Sisters of Cornelius Howatt, who delightfully punctured the hot air balloons of Confederation's centennial. With David Weale, Baglole went on to publish The Island and Confederation: The End of an Era, and thereafter became editor of the Heritage Foundation magazine The Island, and executive director of the Atlantic Publishers Association. He published two more books himself a play called The Chappell Diary and a text for high schools called Exploring Island History. But he "kept seeing book ideas," and in 1980 he got a Canada Council Explorations grant to set up a real publishing house. Visiting Toronto, he sought out knowledgeable people to advise him. One of them was Libby Oughton.

Oughton had spent three years at Toronto's tiny, excellent Coach House Press before becoming information officer of what is now the Association of Canadian Publishers. She knew the book trade, both in Canada and abroad. She believed passionately in small, quality presses. And she was moving to P.E.I.—in two weeks.

"I really didn't know this guy," says Oughton. "I still don't. But we've got a good balance of talents and interests. Harry's a great editor, an Islander, an historian, and he really knows the local situation. I have the national and international connections, and I'm interested in women's books, children's books, literature, biology. The combination seems to work."

Ragweed's first two books reflect these interests. My Island Pictures, by A.L. Morrison, is a fresh, winsome book by a folk artist whom Baglole discovered. In bright, innocent paintings, accompanied by Morrison's comments, My Island Pictures tells the history of P.E.I.: Train wrecks and blacksmith shops, Glooscap and absentee landlords.

The Poets of Prince Edward Island is an anthology of living writers, edited by Wayne Wright. As Wright concedes, the selection is comprehensive but uneven; the contributors range in style from the celebrated P.E.I.-born Harvard professor Mark Strand to Stom-

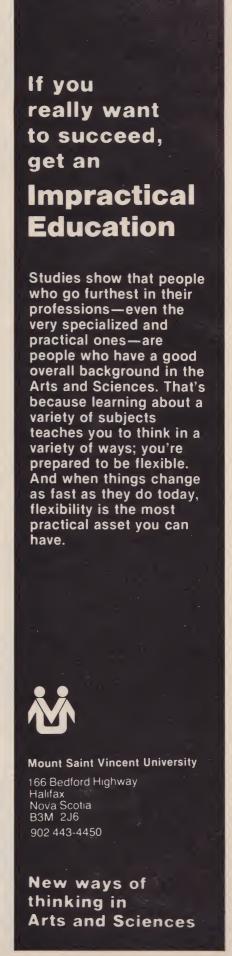
pin' Tom Connors.

This long swallow of poetry made me ask what I look for in verse. Dancing words and passion, I decided rhythm, wit, imagery, alliteration, concreteness, assonance, a sense that the lines are moving like muscles, and have to be exactly as they are. By this standard, too much of Wright's book, and of contemporary poetry generally, is as limp and wilted as yesterday's salad. But Ann Creer's verse pulses with life, urgency and music, and one of Kenneth Banks's lyrics moves with similar power. The old favorites are still favorites, and Stompin' Tom stands up surprisingly well in this rarefied atmosphere.

Ragweed's third book, Watershed Red: The Life of the Dunk River by Kathy Martin, was in production while I was in Charlottetown, an elegant little work of natural history. By the end of the year, Ragweed hopes to have a total of six books in print.

That's a lot of hard work. Libby Oughton pasted up My Island Pictures on an old storm window beside the wood stove, trying to keep close enough to warm her fingers, distant enough not to melt the wax backing. With luck and labor, Ragweed may someday be able to afford a heated office, a light table and a salary. Harry Baglole now teaches and freelances to make ends meet, and says that if there's a salary, Libby should have it.

"It's easier for me to find something else," he smiles. "But publishing is Libby's life." He pauses. "What I'd like for myself is to have published maybe 20 books we could really be proud of." Seventeen to go—and counting.





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### Calendar

### **NEW BRUNSWICK**

May — Atlantic Symphony Orchestra—May 5, Moncton; May 6, Saint John; May 7, Fredericton

May 1, 2 — Elm Tree Square Dance Festival, Devon School,

Fredericton

May 9, 10 — 10th Spring Rally of the Atlantic Numismatic Association, Keddy's Motor Inn, Fredericton

May 13-June 5 — New Brunswick Bienalle Craft Exhibition, Sunbury Shores Arts and Nature Centre, St. Andrews

May 18 — Victoria Day Invitational Race, Fredericton Raceway

May 18 — Loyalist Day, Saint ohn

John

May 21-25 — Christ Church Cathedral presents Festival of Arts: Organ and piano recitals, craft and flower displays, Scottish dancing, Fredericton

May 22, 23 — Theatre Ballet of Canada, The Playhouse, Fredericton

May 23, — N.B. Provincial Music Finals, UNB, Fredericton

May 23, 24 — 1981 2nd Annual Mactaquac Lake Big Bass Tournament, Mactaquac Park

May 29, 30 — Maritime Band Fes-

tival, Moncton

### PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

May 1-17 — Ken Danby: The Graphic Work, Confederation Centre Art Gallery, Charlottetown

May 1, 2 — Colonel Gray High School presents "Oklahoma," Con-

federation Centre

May 1, 2 — Atlantic Gymnastics Championships, Stonepark Junior High School, Charlottetown

May 8 — P.E.I. Music Festival,

Confederation Centre

May 13-June 14 — Acadia Nova: Work by Contemporary Acadian Artists, Confederation Centre Art Gallery

May 16, 17 — Maritime Championship Drag Racing, Oyster Bed Bridge

### **NOVA SCOTIA**

May 1, 2, 7-9— Yarmouth Drama Society presents "Our Town," th' YARC, Yarmouth

May 1-15 — The St. Lawrence: 1900-1960, N.S. Museum, Halifax

May 1-31 — Folk Treasures from the Ukraine, DesBrisay Museum, Bridgewater

May 1-June 14 — Swedish Nature Photography, Firefighters' Museum, Yarmouth

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May 4-June 12 — Three Cape Breton Artists, Pictou-Antigonish Regional Library, New Glasgow

May 7 — Harbour Folk Society presents "The Roots of Rock'N'Roll," with Sandy Greenberg and Ted Jordan, N.S. Public Archives, Halifax

May 7-9 — The Gilbert and Sullivan Society presents "Patience," Neptune Theatre, Halifax

May 8-31 — Sculpture, drawings and xerography by Sarah Jackson, Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery, Halifax

May 10, 11 — Johnny Miles Marathon, New Glasgow

May 17, 18 — Charleston Days,

Mill Village

May 20 — Director-choreographer Penny Evans and the Halifax Dance Association presents "Jazz Fantasia II." Mount Saint Vincent University Art Gallery

May 22-24 — Craft and Antique

Festival, Civic Arena, Halifax May 23 — Earl "Fatha" Hines: Jazz pianist, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

May 23, 24 - Sports Show, Pictou May 28-June 1 — Annapolis Valley Apple Blossom Festival

May 29, 30 — Theatre Ballet of Canada, Dalhousie Arts Centre, Halifax

### **NEWFOUNDLAND**

May 1-14 — Lynn Cone: Water-colors, Memorial University Art Gallery, St. John's

May 3 — Harness Racing, St. John's Trotting Park, Goulds

May 4-18 — Art Exhibition of Nfld. Artists, Atlantic Art Gallery, St.

May 6 — Bicycle Touring; Thorborn Road and Lake, (28 km) St. John's

May 6-9 — Burin Peninsula Per-

forming Arts Council presents "The Annual Music Festival," Marystown May 7-9 — The hit musical "Cabaret," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

May 9, 10 — National Juvenvile Volleyball Championships, St. John's

May 9, 10 — 1981 Gonzaga Tattoo, Gonzaga Regional High School, St.

May 10, 11 — King of Country Music, Chet Atkins, Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

May 13 — Art Auction sponsored by Kinsmen Club of St. John's, Hotel Newfoundland, St. John's

May 14 - Nfld. Symphony Orchestra presents "An Evening of Franz Lehár and Victor Herbert," Arts and Culture Centre, St. John's

May 18-22 — Miner's Week, Labrador City



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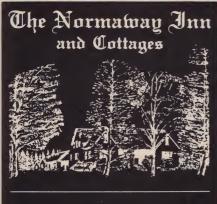
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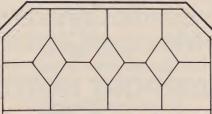
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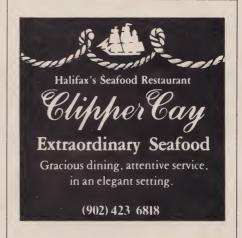
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### Ray Guy's column

So Canada doesn't understand **Newfoundland. So what?** 

Newfoundlanders don't really understand Canada either. Surprised?

hen he reacts to Ottawa our young Alfie B. Peckford usually carries on like Queen Boadicea sticking it to Nero's legions as they ravished the Norfolk Broads. Lately, however, there was a discouraging sign that his attitude may be softening. This is unsettling because a siege mentality has been carefully built up here. It's either last-ditch it against the federal hordes or be smashed back among the rocks. Our water holes would be poisoned, our goats hamstrung and our firstborn shipped off in chains to

Young Alfie's backstep doesn't line him up with poor old Angus MacLean who crumbled even under a light assault by those Front Page Challenge crutchkickers. But we're alert for the slightest signs. When your nerves have been tensioned like harp strings you vibrate

at the slightest zephyr.

What Mr. Peckford did was send a letter to Mr. Trudeau. It contained the curious sentence, "You do not know or understand us." What's this? The brazen trumpet of defiance suddenly muted to the plaintive cry of a moulting sea fowl borne on an easterly gale? A startling shift from the preceding series of epistles which generally began, "Dear Sir, You cur."

A few among us have taken it as a clear statement of capitulation and, in consequence, have put down their domestic pets and issued cyanide capsules to the family. But most are simply puzzled. Why should They know or understand Us? It certainly doesn't work the other way around. Most Newfoundlanders believe that trying to understand Canadians has been found to cause tumors in rats. Even our closest neighbors are a merciful mystery

Quebec is, of course, a mere boundary line away. Quebec is full of people called Frenchmen. Frenchmen are vaguely recorded in the tribal memory as the crowd which took trick-and-turn with the Englishmen in burning down Newfoundland villages and sending the inhabitants off into exile. Our view of the Maritimes is just as hazy. Halifax once had an explosion

and there are still bits of it in orbit. This altered Newfoundland's weather for the worse. There are a great number of potato chips fabricated in New Brunswick but handcrafts are the chief industry throughout. Every apple in Nova Scotia descends from the branch in its own little macrame bag. The very lamp posts in Fredericton are ceramic and the sheep in Cape Breton are born naked and then clothed in homespun.

### "...trying to understand Canadians has been found to cause tumors in rats"

The Maritimes is what you pass through on the way to somewhere else. Newfoundlanders must be exceedingly cautious when passing through New Brunswick. Quebec persons headed east tend to collide with Newfoundlanders headed west because the former think "Merge" means to amalgamate the gas pedal with the floorboards while the latter suppose it indicates that oncoming traffic is just another optical illusion like the Magnetic Hill. Little or nothing has ever been done to make Middle Musquodoboit better known to Little Heart's Ease or the other way around.

Halifax—or the part of it that hasn't yet blown up-is vaguely remembered from war days as "The Warden of the North" and a cog in that great arsenal of democracy. We can only hope this is still so. The last shot in Newfoundland's locker is now the Salvation Army on a rotating alert with the Church Lads Brigade. If there are any ties at all that bind, these are the CN ticket offices at North Sydney and at Port aux Basques. They are twin bastions of frustration, hysteria

and abuse. Leaving one to face the terrors of the other makes 80 miles of stormy ocean seem mild.

Moncton is where all the oranges consigned to Newfoundland are sprayed yellow and forwarded as grapefruit. Saint John, N.B., is sometimes confused with St. John's, Nfld. Those who've seen both places say it's very hard to tell them apart in a poor light. In both these cities what's stuck to your shoes after you walk two or three blocks is so similar as to be no clue to your whereabouts at all and so the trick is to look for the Crosbie or the Irving signs.

To the insular Newfoundland mind the Maritimes is faintly different from what lies to the west of it but the details are a blurred pastiche...handcarved wooden longjohns, lobsters of an illegal size, Stompin' Tom Connors forcing all these sardines into one can, small handcrafted churches roaring against

small homespun sins.

Anne Murray of Greenback Gables, Lunenburg of Inferior Dories, bridges that you must pay to cross, handwoven teapots and pottery bed socks, the swirling of the Highland guilts, Halibloody-fax, reversing tartan airports, 6,982 historic restoration projects.

Then further west there's Manitoba where the Rocky Mountains drop into the Pacific Ocean near its capital city of Calgary and vast herds of buffalo nibble on the daffodils growing around the quaint Olde English igloos as early in the year as February, so temperate is its climate.

We may not have Canada down quite pat but that's been no skin off our nose in the past. Mr. Peckford treads on eggs when he slews the situation about. Next thing you know he'll have us join the great Canadian cavalcade shuffling around in everdecreasing circles to that most curious of all Canadian chants, "We do not know or understand us.



# MYERS'S



ULTRA LIGHT TASTE. MYERS'S WHITE RUM.